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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXL

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXVI

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## GEORGE LOVEDAY.

[OBITUARY. 52, DECEMBER, 1887.]

THE sapless leaves fell in the drear December  
In mourning on the dull, inverted clod;  
And the few faithful friends who must remember,

With head uncovered the sad surface trod.

Ay, surface! light as the loose earth above him  
Are the weak bonds that held the spirit in;  
So for all those who dead or living love him,  
From out the grave springs a new sense of kin.

We knew him as he was, — so true and steady,  
So tender, where the best might well be hard;

At a friend's call so ever strong and ready,  
That none might overcount our dear regard.

For him at least, we said, the sun of summer  
Should lighten up the funeral's dark array;  
To him should Death come as a radiant comer,  
When the bright world makes early holiday.

So spake our wisdom; but a wiser said it  
In words low whispered through the winter's chill, —  
"Awake the ears that hear, and yet can credit  
The living message, quick for mortals still.

"When the dull earth lies brown and shrivelled round you,  
And Hope herself seems for the time half-dead,  
And the warm summer that caressed and crowned you  
Such short time syne, has vanished overhead, —

"When the cold stars look palely on the clearing,  
And the white moon but shivers all alone,  
And the brief day, in long night disappearing,  
Paints her grey canvas in a monotone, —

"When old and new year part in sharp abruption,  
So yet things mortal and corrupt shall be,  
Till this corruptible wear incorruption,  
This mortal put on immortality.

"No fitter hour for the disprisoned spirit  
To burst its bondage and its freedom gain,  
And from the Testament of old inherit  
The great immunity from loss and pain."

Something we felt of this; and through the sorrow  
Something of comfort in the whisper found,  
And of the past a future seemed to borrow  
For him we laid, untimely, in the ground.

Dead — half-a-century old! A mere derision  
To little bodies made of little clay,  
But what to Him, in whose majestic vision  
A thousand years are but as yesterday?

Learn from our lost who can, one for another,  
The generous moral of the will to bless,  
And gather all that may, brother to brother,  
The lesson of his watchful kindness.

Little we know; but what we know is certain;  
The revolution of December's wheel  
Behind the black but ever-rising curtain  
Doth but the promise of a May reveal.

So mystic Death came in her disc of glory,  
The message of the snowdrift sent to bring;  
To us — the winter memory of a story,  
To him — the priceless herald of the spring.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

January 9th.

Spectator.

## TO LORD TENNYSON.

[INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF "PRINCE LUCIFER,"  
PRESENTED TO THE POET LAUREATE.]

POET! In other lands, when Spring no more  
Fleets o'er the grass nor in the thicket-side  
Plays at being lost and laughs to be descried,  
And blooms lie wilted on the orchard floor:  
Then the sweet birds that from the Attic shore,

Across Ausonian breakers, thither hied,  
Own that May's music in their breast hath died,

And sobering woods resound not as before.  
But in this privileged isle, this brave, this blest,  
This deathless England, it seems always spring.

Though riper grow the days, Song takes not wing:

'Mid Autumn boughs it builds another nest;  
Even in the snow we lift our hearts and sing,  
And still your voice is heard above the rest.

Spectator.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE LEAF AND THE BREEZE.  
FROM THE FRENCH OF ARNAULT.

"PARTED from thy native bough,  
Whither, whither goest thou,  
Leaflet frail?"

"From the oak-tree where I grew,  
In the vale;

From the woods all wet with dew,  
Lo! the wind hath torn me!

Over hill and plain he flew,  
And hither he hath borne me.

With him wandering for aye,  
Until he forsakes me,

I with many others stray,

Heedless where he takes me:

Where the leaf of laurel goes,

And the leaflet of the rose!"

Academy.

A. B. E.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
SHELLEY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NOWADAYS all things appear in print sooner or later; but I have heard from a lady who knew Mrs. Shelley a story of her which, so far as I know, has not appeared in print hitherto. Mrs. Shelley was choosing a school for her son, and asked the advice of this lady, who gave for advice, — to use her own words to me, — “Just the sort of banality, you know, one does come out with: ‘Oh, send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself!’” I have had far too long a training as a school-inspector to presume to call an utterance of this kind a *banality*; however, it is not on this advice that I now wish to lay stress, but upon Mrs. Shelley’s reply to it. Mrs. Shelley answered: “Teach him to think for himself? Oh, my God, teach him rather to think like other people!”

To the lips of many and many a reader of Professor Dowden’s volumes a cry of this sort will surely rise, called forth by Shelley’s life as there delineated. I have read those volumes with the deepest interest, but I regret their publication, and am surprised, I confess, that Shelley’s family should have desired or assisted it. For my own part, at any rate, I would gladly have been left with the impression, the ineffaceable impression, made upon me by Mrs. Shelley’s first edition of her husband’s collected poems. Medwin and Hogg and Trelawny had done little to change the impression made by those four delightful volumes of the original edition of 1839. The text of the poems has in some places been mended since; but Shelley is not a classic, whose various readings are to be noted with earnest attention. The charm of the poems flowed in upon us from that edition, and the charm of the character. Mrs. Shelley had done her work admirably; her introductions to the poems of each year, with Shelley’s prefaces and passages from his letters, supplied the very picture of Shelley to be desired. Somewhat idealized by tender regret and exalted memory Mrs. Shelley’s representation no doubt was.

But without sharing her conviction that Shelley’s character, impartially judged, “would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary,” we learned from her to know the soul of affection, of “gentle and cordial goodness,” of eagerness and ardor for human happiness, which was in this rare spirit — so mere a monster unto many. Mrs. Shelley said in her general preface to her husband’s poems: “I abstain from any remark on the occurrences of his private life, except inasmuch as the passions which they engendered inspired his poetry; this is not the time to relate the truth.” I for my part could wish, I repeat, that that time had never come.

But come it has, and Professor Dowden has given us the “Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley” in two very thick volumes. If the work was to be done, Professor Dowden has indeed done it thoroughly. One or two things in his biography of Shelley I could wish different, even waiving the question whether it was desirable to relate in full the occurrences of Shelley’s private life. Professor Dowden holds a brief for Shelley; he pleads for Shelley as an advocate pleads for his client, and this strain of pleading, united with an attitude of adoration which in Mrs. Shelley had its charm, but which Professor Dowden was not bound to adopt from her, is unserviceable to Shelley, nay, injurious to him, because it inevitably begets, in many readers of the story which Professor Dowden has to tell, impatience and revolt. Further let me remark that the biography before us is of prodigious length, although its hero died before he was thirty years old, and that it might have been considerably shortened if it had been more plainly and simply written. I see that one of Professor Dowden’s critics, while praising his style for “a certain poetic quality of fervor and picturesqueness,” laments that in some important passages Professor Dowden “fritters away great opportunities for sustained and impassioned narrative.” I am inclined much rather to lament that Professor Dowden has not steadily kept his poetic quality of fervor and picturesqueness more under control. Is it that the Home Rulers have so loaded the

language that even an Irishman who is not one of them catches something of their full habit of style? No, it is rather, I believe, that Professor Dowden, of poetic nature himself, and dealing with a poetic nature like Shelley, is so steeped in sentiment by his subject that in almost every page of the biography the sentiment runs over. A curious note of his style, suffused with sentiment, is that it seems incapable of using the common word *child*. A great many births are mentioned in the biography, but always it is a poetic *babe* that is born, not a prosaic *child*. And so, again, André Chénier is, not guillotined, but "too foully done to death." Again, Shelley after his runaway marriage with Harriet Westbrook was in Edinburgh without money and full of anxieties for the future, and complained of his hard lot in being unable to get away, in being "chained to the filth and commerce of Edinburgh." Natural enough; but why should Professor Dowden improve the occasion as follows? "The most romantic of northern cities could lay no spell upon his spirit. His eye was not fascinated by the presences of mountains and the sea, by the fantastic outlines of aerial piles seen amid the wreathing smoke of Auld Reekie, by the gloom of the Canon-gate illuminated from shafts of sunlight streaming from its interesting wynds and alleys; nor was his imagination kindled by storied house or palace, and the voices of old, forgotten, far-off things, which haunt their walls." If Professor Dowden, writing a book in prose, could have brought himself to eschew poetic excursions of this kind and to tell his story in a plain way, lovers of simplicity, of whom there are some still left in the world, would have been gratified, and at the same time his book would have been the shorter by scores of pages.

These reserves being made, I have little except praise for the manner in which Professor Dowden has performed his task; whether it was a task which ought to be performed at all, probably did not lie with him to decide. His ample materials are used with order and judgment; the history of Shelley's life develops itself clearly before our eyes; the documents of

importance for it are given with sufficient fulness, nothing essential seems to have been kept back, although I would gladly, I confess, have seen more of Miss Clairmont's journal, whatever arrangement she may in her later life have chosen to exercise upon it. In general all documents are so fairly and fully cited, that Professor Dowden's pleadings for Shelley, though they may sometimes indispose and irritate the reader, produce no obscuring of the truth; the documents manifest it of themselves. Last but not least of Professor Dowden's merits, he has provided his book with an excellent index.

Undoubtedly this biography, with its full account of the occurrences of Shelley's private life, compels one to review one's former impression of him. Undoubtedly the brilliant and attaching rebel who in thinking for himself had of old our sympathy so passionately with him, when we come to read his full biography makes us often and often inclined to cry out: "My God! he had far better have thought like other people." There is a passage in Hogg's capitally written and most interesting account of Shelley which I wrote down when I first read it and have borne in mind ever since; so beautifully it seemed to render the true Shelley. Hogg has been speaking of the intellectual expression of Shelley's features, and he goes on: "Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome." What we have of Shelley in poetry and prose suited with this charming picture of him; Mrs. Shelley's account suited with it; it was a possession which one would gladly have kept unimpaired. It still subsists, I must now add; it subsists even after one has read the present biography; it subsists, but so as by fire. It subsists with many a scar and stain; never again will it have the same pureness and beauty which it had formerly. I regret this, as I have said, and I confess I do not see

what has been gained. Our ideal Shelley was the true Shelley after all; what has been gained by making us at moments doubt it? What has been gained by forcing upon us much in him which is ridiculous and odious, by compelling any fair mind, if it is to retain with a good conscience its ideal Shelley, to do that which I propose to do now? I propose to mark firmly what is ridiculous and odious in the Shelley brought to our knowledge by the new materials, and then to show that our former beautiful and lovable Shelley nevertheless survives.

Almost everybody knows the main outline of the events of Shelley's life. It will be necessary for me, however, up to the date of his second marriage, to go through them here. Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was of an old family of country gentlemen, and the heir to a baronetcy. He had one brother and five sisters, but the brother so much younger than himself as to be no companion for him in his boyhood at home, and after he was separated from home and England he never saw him. Shelley was brought up at Field Place with his sisters. At ten years old he was sent to a private school at Isleworth, where he read Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and was fascinated by a popular scientific lecturer. After two years of private school he went in 1804 to Eton. Here he took no part in cricket or football, refused to fag, was known as "mad Shelley" and much tormented; when tormented beyond endurance he could be dangerous. Certainly he was not happy at Eton; but he had friends, he boated, he rambled about the country. His school lessons were easy to him, and his reading extended far beyond them; he read books on chemistry, he read Pliny's "Natural History," Godwin's "Political Justice," Lucretius, Franklin, Condorcet. It is said he was called "atheist Shelley" at Eton, but this is not so well established as his having been called "mad Shelley." He was full, at any rate, of new and revolutionary ideas, and he declared at a later time that he was twice expelled from the

school but recalled through the interference of his father.

In the spring of 1810 Shelley, now in his eighteenth year, entered University College, Oxford, as an exhibitioner. He had already written novels and poems; a poem on the Wandering Jew, in seven or eight cantos, he sent to Campbell, and was told by Campbell that there were but two good lines in it. He had solicited the correspondence of Mrs. Hemans, then Felicia Browne and unmarried; he had fallen in love with a charming cousin, Harriet Grove. In the autumn of 1810 he found a publisher for his verse; he also found a friend in a very clever and free-minded commoner of his college, Thomas Jefferson Hogg, who has admirably described the Shelley of those Oxford days, with his chemistry, his eccentric habits, his charm of look and character, his conversation, his shrill discordant voice. Shelley read incessantly. Hume's "Essays" produced a powerful impression on him; his free speculation led him to what his father, and worse still his cousin Harriet, thought "detestable principles;" his cousin and his family became estranged from him. He, on his part, became more and more incensed against the "bigotry" and "intolerance" which produced such estrangement. "Here I swear, and as I break my oaths, may Infinity, Eternity, blast me — here I swear that never will I forgive intolerance." At the beginning of 1811 he prepared and published what he called a "leaflet for letters," having for its title "The Necessity of Atheism." He sent copies to all the bishops, to the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and to the heads of houses. On Lady Day he was summoned before the authorities of his college, refused to answer the question whether he had written "The Necessity of Atheism," told the master and fellows that "their proceedings would become a court of inquisitors but not free men in a free country," and was expelled for contumacy. Hogg wrote a letter of remonstrance to the authorities, was in his turn summoned before them and questioned as to his share in the "leaflet," and, refusing to answer, he also was expelled.

Shelley settled with Hogg in lodgings



in London. His father, excusably indignant, was not a wise man and managed his son ill. His plan of recommending Shelley to read Paley's "Natural Theology," and of *reading it with him himself*, makes us smile. Shelley, who about this time wrote of his younger sister, then at school at Clapham, "There are some hopes of this dear little girl, she would be a divine little scion of infidelity if I could get hold of her," was not to have been cured by Paley's "Natural Theology" administered through Mr. Timothy Shelley. But by the middle of May Shelley's father had agreed to allow him two hundred pounds a year. Meanwhile, in visiting his sisters at their school in Clapham, Shelley made the acquaintance of a school-fellow of theirs, Harriet Westbrook. She was a beautiful and lively girl, with a father who had kept a tavern in Mount Street, but had now retired from business, and one sister much older than herself, who encouraged in every possible way the acquaintance of her sister of sixteen with the heir to a baronetcy and a great estate. Soon Shelley heard that Harriet met with cold looks at her school for associating with an atheist; his generosity and his ready indignation against "intolerance" were roused. In the summer Harriet wrote to him that she was persecuted not at school only but at home also, that she was lonely and miserable, and would gladly put an end to her life. Shelley went to see her; she owned her love for him, and he engaged himself to her. He told his cousin Charles Grove that his happiness had been blighted when the other Harriet, Charles's sister, cast him off; that now the only thing worth living for was self-sacrifice. Harriet's persecutors became yet more troublesome, and Shelley, at the end of August, went off with her to Edinburgh and they were married. The entry in the register is this:—

August 28, 1811. Percy Bysshe Shelley, farmer, Sussex, and Miss Harriet Westbrook, St. Andrew Church Parish, daughter of Mr. John Westbrook, London.

After five weeks in Edinburgh the young farmer and his wife came southwards and took lodgings at York, under the shadow of what Shelley calls that "gigantic pile of superstition," the minster. But his friend Hogg was in a lawyer's office in York, and Hogg's society made the minster endurable. Mr. Timothy Shelley's happiness in his son was naturally not increased by the runaway marriage; he stopped his allowance, and Shelley deter-

mined to visit "this thoughtless man," as he calls his parent, and to "try the force of truth" upon him. Nothing could be effected; Shelley's mother, too, was now against him. He returned to York to find that in his absence his friend Hogg had been making love to Harriet, who had indignantly repulsed him. Shelley was shocked, but after a "terrible day" of explanation from Hogg, he "fully, freely pardoned him," promised to retain him still as "his friend, his bosom friend," and "hoped soon to convince him how lovely virtue was." But for the present it seemed better to separate. In November he and Harriet, with her sister Eliza, took a cottage at Keswick. Shelley was now in great straits for money; the great Sussex neighbor of the Shelleys, the Duke of Norfolk, interposed in his favor, and his father and grandfather seem to have offered him at this time an income of 2,000*l.* a year, if he would consent to entail the family estate. Shelley indignantly refused to "forswear his principles," by accepting "a proposal so insultingly hateful." But in December his father agreed, though with an ill grace, to grant him his allowance of 200*l.* a year again, and Mr. Westbrook promised to allow a like sum to his daughter. So after four months of marriage the Shelleys began 1812 with an income of 400*l.* a year.

Early in February they left Keswick and proceeded to Dublin, where Shelley, who had prepared an address to the Catholics, meant to "devote himself towards forwarding the great ends of virtue and happiness in Ireland." Before leaving Keswick he wrote to William Godwin, "the regulator and former of his mind," making profession of his mental obligations to him, of his respect and veneration, and soliciting Godwin's friendship. A correspondence followed; Godwin pronounced his young disciple's plans for "disseminating the doctrines of philanthropy and freedom" in Ireland to be unwise; Shelley bowed to his mentor's decision and gave up his Irish campaign, quitting Dublin on the 4th of April, 1812. He and Harriet wandered first to Nant-Gwillt in south Wales, near the upper Wye, and from thence after a month or two to Lynmouth in north Devon, where he busied himself with his poem of "Queen Mab," and with sending to sea boxes and bottles containing a "Declaration of Rights" by him, in the hope that the winds and waves might carry his doctrines where they would do good. But his Irish servant, bearing the prophetic name

of Healy, posted the "Declaration" on the walls of Barnstaple and was taken up; Shelley found himself watched and no longer able to enjoy Lynmouth in peace. He moved in September, 1812, to Tremadoc, in north Wales, where he threw himself ardently into an enterprise for recovering a great stretch of drowned land from the sea. But at the beginning of October he and Harriet visited London, and Shelley grasped Godwin by the hand at last. At once an intimacy arose, but the future Mary Shelley — Godwin's daughter by his first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft — was absent on a visit in Scotland when the Shelleys arrived in London. They became acquainted, however, with the second Mrs. Godwin, on whom we have Charles Lamb's friendly comment: "A very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles!" with the amiable Fanny, Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter by Imlay, before her marriage with Godwin; and probably also with Jane Clairmont, the second Mrs. Godwin's daughter by a first marriage, and herself afterwards the mother of Byron's Allegra. Complicated relationships, as in the Theban story! and there will be not wanting, presently, something of the Theban horrors. During this visit of six weeks to London Shelley renewed his intimacy with Hogg; in the middle of November he returned to Tremadoc. There he remained until the end of February, 1813, perfectly happy with Harriet, reading widely, and working at his "Queen Mab" and at the notes to that poem. On the 26th of February an attempt was made, or so he fancied, to assassinate him, and in high nervous excitement he hurriedly left Tremadoc and repaired with Harriet to Dublin again. On this visit to Ireland he saw Killarney, but early in April he and Harriet were back again in London.

There in June, 1813, their daughter Ianthe was born; at the end of July they moved to Bracknell, in Berkshire. They had for neighbors there a Mrs. Boinville and her married daughter, whom Shelley found to be fascinating women, with a culture which to his wife was altogether wanting. Cornelia Turner, Mrs. Boinville's daughter, was melancholy, required consolation, and found it, Hogg tells us, in Petrarch's poetry; "Bysshe entered at once fully into her views and caught the soft infection, breathing the tenderest and sweetest melancholy as every true poet ought." Peacock, a man of keen and cultivated mind, joined the circle at Bracknell. He and Harriet, not yet eighteen, used sometimes to laugh at the gushing

sentiment and enthusiasm of the Bracknell circle; Harriet had also given offence to Shelley by getting a wet-nurse for her child; in Professor Dowden's words, "the beauty of Harriet's motherly relation to her babe was marred in Shelley's eyes by the introduction into his home of a hireling nurse to whom was delegated the mother's tenderest office." But in September Shelley wrote a sonnet to his child which expresses his deep love for the mother also, to whom in March, 1814, he was remarried in London, lest the Scotch marriage should prove to have been in any point irregular. Harriet's sister Eliza, however, whom Shelley had at first treated with excessive deference, had now become hateful to him. And in the very month of the London marriage we find him writing to Hogg that he is staying with the Boinvilles, having "escaped, in the society of all that philosophy and friendship combine, from the dismaying solitude of myself." Cornelia Turner, he adds, whom he once thought cold and reserved, "is the reverse of this, as she is the reverse of everything bad; she inherits all the divinity of her mother." Then comes a stanza, beginning

Thy dewy looks sink in my breast,  
Thy gentle words stir poison there.

It has no meaning, he says; it is only written in thought. "It is evident from this pathetic letter," says Professor Dowden, "that Shelley's happiness in his home had been fatally stricken." This is a curious way of putting the matter. To me what is evident is rather that Shelley had, to use Professor Dowden's words again — for in these things of high sentiment I gladly let him speak for me — "a too vivid sense that here (in the society of the Boinville family) were peace and joy and gentleness and love." In April come some more verses to the Boinvilles, which contain the first good stanza that Shelley wrote. In May comes a poem to Harriet, of which Professor Dowden's prose analysis is as poetic as the poem itself. "If she has something to endure (from the Boinville attachment), it is not much, and all her husband's weal hangs upon her loving endurance, for see how pale and wildered anguish has made him!" Harriet, unconvinced, seems to have gone off to Bath in resentment, from whence, however, she kept up a constant correspondence with Shelley, who was now of age, and busy in London raising money on post-obit bonds for his own wants and

those of the friend and former of his mind, Godwin.

And now, indeed, it was to become true that if from the inflammable Shelley's devotion to the Boinville family poor Harriet had had "something to endure," yet this was "not much" compared with what was to follow. At Godwin's house Shelley met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, his future wife, then in her seventeenth year. She was a gifted person, but, as Professor Dowden says, she "had breathed during her entire life an atmosphere of free thought." On the 8th of June Hogg called at Godwin's with Shelley; Godwin was out, but "a door was partially and softly opened, a thrilling voice called 'Shelley!' a thrilling voice answered 'Mary!'" Shelley's summoner was "a very young female, fair, and fair-haired, pale indeed, and with a piercing look, wearing a frock of tartan." Already they were "Shelley" and "Mary" to one another; "before the close of June they knew and felt," says Professor Dowden, "that each was to the other inexpressibly dear." The churchyard of St. Pancras, where her mother was buried, became "a place now doubly sacred to Mary, since on one eventful day Bysshe here poured forth his griefs, his hopes, his love, and she, in sign of everlasting union, placed her hand in his." In July Shelley gave her a copy of "Queen Mab," printed but not published, and under the tender dedication to Harriet he wrote: "Count Slobendorf was about to marry a woman who, attracted solely by his fortune, proved her selfishness by deserting him in prison." Mary added an inscription on her part: "I love the author beyond all powers of expression . . . by that love we have promised to each other, although I may not be yours I can never be another's,"—and a good deal more to the same effect.

Amid these excitements Shelley was for some days without writing to Harriet, who applied to Hookham the publisher to know what had happened. She was expecting her confinement; "I always fancy something dreadful has happened," she wrote, "if I do not hear from him . . . I cannot endure this dreadful state of suspense." Shelley then wrote to her, begging her to come to London; and when she arrived there, he told her the state of his feelings, and proposed separation. The shock made Harriet ill; and Shelley, says Peacock, "between his old feelings towards Harriet, and his new passion for Mary, showed in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech, the state of a mind 'suffer-

ing, like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection.'" Godwin grew uneasy about his daughter, and, after a serious talk with her, wrote to Shelley. Under such circumstances, Professor Dowden tells us, "to youth, swift and decisive measures seem the best." In the early morning of the 28th of July, 1814, "Mary Godwin stepped across her father's threshold into the summer air," she and Shelley went off together in a post-chaise to Dover, and from thence crossed to the Continent.

On the 14th of August the fugitives were at Troyes on their way to Switzerland. From Troyes Shelley addressed a letter to Harriet, of which the best description I can give is that it is precisely the letter which a man in the writer's circumstances should not have written.

My dearest Harriet [he begins], I write to you from this detestable town; I write to show that I do not forget you; I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at last find one firm and constant friend to whom your interests will be always dear—by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured. From none can you expect this but me—all else are either unfeeling or selfish, or have beloved friends of their own.

Then follows a description of his journey with Mary from Paris, "through a fertile country, neither interesting from the character of its inhabitants nor the beauty of the scenery, with a mule to carry our baggage, as Mary, who has not been sufficiently well to walk, fears the fatigue of walking." Like St. Paul to Timothy, he ends with commissions:—

I wish you to bring with you the two deeds which Tahourdin has to prepare for you, as also a copy of the settlement. Do not part with any of your money. But what shall be done about the books? You can consult on the spot. With love to my sweet little Ianthé, ever most affectionately yours, S.

I write in great haste; we depart directly.

Professor Dowden's flow of sentiment is here so agitating, that I relieve myself by resorting to a drier world. Certainly my comment on this letter shall not be his, that it "assures Harriet that her interests were still dear to Shelley, though now their lives had moved apart." But neither will I call the letter an odious letter, a hideous letter. I prefer to call it, applying an untranslatable French word, a *bête* letter. And it is *bête* from what is the signal, the disastrous want and weakness of Shelley, with all his fine intellectual gifts—his utter deficiency in humor.

Harriet did not accept Shelley's invitation to join him and Mary in Switzerland.

Money difficulties drove the travellers back to England in September. Godwin would not see Shelley, but he sorely needed, continually demanded, and eagerly accepted, pecuniary help from his erring "spiritual son." Between Godwin's wants and his own, Shelley was hard pressed. He got from Harriet, who still believed that he would return to her, twenty pounds which remained in her hands. In November she was confined; a son and heir was born to Shelley. He went to see Harriet, but "the interview left husband and wife each embittered against the other." Friends were severe; "when Mrs. Boinville wrote, her letter seemed cold and even sarcastic," says Professor Dowden. "Solitude," he continues, "unharassed by debts and duns, with Mary's companionship, the society of a few friends, and the delights of study and authorship, would have made these winter months to Shelley months of unusual happiness and calm." But alas, creditors were pestering, and even Harriet gave trouble. In January, 1815, Mary had to write in her journal this entry: "Harriet sends her creditors here; nasty woman. Now we must change our lodgings."

One day about this time Shelley asked Peacock: "Do you think Wordsworth could have written such poetry if he ever had dealings with money-lenders?" Not only had Shelley dealings with money-lenders, he now had dealings with bailiffs also. But still he continued to read largely. In January, 1815, his grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, died. Shelley went down into Sussex; his father would not suffer him to enter the house, but he sat outside the door and read "Comus," while the reading of his grandfather's will went on inside. In February was born Mary's first child, a girl, who lived but a few days. All the spring Shelley was ill and harassed, but by June it was settled that he should have an allowance from his father of 1,000*l.* a year, and that his debts (including 1,200*l.* promised by him to Godwin) should be paid. He on his part paid Harriet's debts and allowed her 200*l.* a year. In August he took a house on the borders of Windsor Park, and made a boating excursion up the Thames as far as Lechlade, an excursion which produced his first entire poem of value, the beautiful "Stanzas in Lechlade Churchyard." They were followed, later in the autumn, by "Alastor." Henceforth, from this winter of 1815 until he was drowned between Leghorn and Spezia in July, 1822, Shelley's literary history

is sufficiently given in the delightful introductions prefixed by Mrs. Shelley to the poems of each year. Much of the history of his life is there given also; but with some of those "occurrences of his private life" on which Mrs. Shelley forbore to touch, and which are now made known to us in Professor Dowden's book, we have still to deal.

Mary's first son, William, was born in January, 1816, and in February we find Shelley declaring himself "strongly urged, by the perpetual experience of neglect or enmity from almost every one but those who are supported by my resources, to desert my native country, hiding myself and Mary from the contempt which we so unjustly endure." Early in May he left England with Mary and Miss Clairmont; they met Lord Byron at Geneva and passed the summer by the Lake of Geneva in his company. Miss Clairmont had already in London, without the knowledge of the Shelleys, made Byron's acquaintance and become his mistress. Shelley determined, in the course of the summer, to go back to England, and, after all, "to make that most excellent of nations my perpetual resting-place." In September he and his ladies returned; Miss Clairmont was then expecting her confinement. Of her being Byron's mistress the Shelleys were now aware; but "the moral indignation," says Professor Dowden, "which Byron's act might justly arouse, seems to have been felt by neither Shelley nor Mary." If Byron and Claire Clairmont, as she was now called, loved and were happy, all was well.

The eldest daughter of the Godwin household, the amiable Fanny, was unhappy at home and in deep dejection of spirits. Godwin was, as usual, in terrible straits for money. The Shelleys and Miss Clairmont settled themselves at Bath; early in October Fanny Godwin passed through Bath without their knowing it, travelled on to Swansea, took a bedroom at the hotel there, and was found in the morning dead, with a bottle of laudanum on the table beside her and these words in her handwriting:—

I have long determined that the best thing I could do was to put an end to the existence of a being whose birth was unfortunate,\* and whose life has only been a series of pain to those persons who have hurt their health in endeavoring to promote her welfare. Perhaps to hear of my death will give you pain,

\* She was Mary Wollstonecraft's natural daughter by Imlay.

but you will soon have the blessing of forgetting that such a creature ever existed as . . . There is no signature.

A sterner tragedy followed. On the 9th of November, 1816, Harriet Shelley left the house in Brompton where she was then living, and did not return. On the 10th of December her body was found in the Serpentine; she had drowned herself. In one respect Professor Dowden resembles Providence; his ways are inscrutable. His comment on Harriet's death is: "There is no doubt she wandered from the ways of upright living." But, he adds, "That no act of Shelley's, during the two years which immediately preceded her death, tended to cause the rash act which brought her life to its close, seems certain."<sup>5</sup> Shelley had been living with Mary all the time; only that!

On the 30th of December, 1816, Mary Godwin and Shelley were married. I shall pursue "the occurrences of Shelley's private life" no further. For the five years and a half which remain, Professor Dowden's book adds to our knowledge of Shelley's life much that is interesting; but what was chiefly important we knew already. The new and grave matter which we did not know, or knew in the vaguest way only, but which Shelley's family and Professor Dowden have now thought it well to give us in full, ends with Shelley's second marriage.

I regret, I say once more, that it has been given. It is a sore trial for our love of Shelley. What a set! what a world! is the exclamation that breaks from us as we come to an end of this history of "the occurrences of Shelley's private life." I used the French word *bête* for a letter of Shelley's; for the world in which we find him I can only use another French word, *sale*. Godwin's house of sordid horror, and Godwin preaching and holding the hat, and the green-spectacled Mrs. Godwin, and Hogg the faithful friend, and Hunt the Horace of this precious world, and, to go up higher, Sir Timothy Shelley, a great country gentleman, feeling himself safe while "the exalted mind of the Duke of Norfolk [the drinking duke] protects me with the world," and Lord Byron with his deep grain of coarseness and commonness, his affectation, his brutal selfishness—what a set! The history carries us to Oxford, and I think of the clerical and respectable Oxford of those old times, the Oxford of Copleston and the Kebles and Hawkins, and a hundred more, with the relief Keble declares himself to experience from Izaak Walton, —

When, wearied with the tale thy times disclose,  
The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose.

I am not only thinking of morals and the house of Godwin, I am thinking also of tone, bearing, dignity. I appeal to Cardinal Newman, if perchance he does me the honor to read these words, is it possible to imagine Copleston or Hawkins declaring himself safe "while the exalted mind of the Duke of Norfolk protects me with the world"?

Mrs. Shelley, after her marriage and during Shelley's closing years, becomes attractive; up to her marriage her letters and journal do not please. Her ability is manifest, but she is not attractive. In the world discovered to us by Professor Dowden as surrounding Shelley up to 1817, the most pleasing figure is Harriet Shelley herself.

Professor Dowden's treatment of Harriet is not worthy—so much he must allow me in all kindness, but also in all seriousness, to say—of either his taste or his judgment. His pleading for Shelley is constant, and he does more harm than good to Shelley by it. But here his championship of Shelley makes him very unjust to a cruelly used and unhappy girl. For several pages he balances the question whether or not Harriet was unfaithful to Shelley before he left her for Mary, and he leaves the question unsettled. As usual Professor Dowden (and it is his signal merit) supplies the evidence decisive against himself. Thornton Hunt, not well disposed to Harriet, Hogg, Peacock, Trelawny, Hookham, and a member of Godwin's own family, are all clear in their evidence that up to her parting from Shelley Harriet was perfectly innocent. But that precious witness, Godwin, wrote in 1817 that "she had proved herself unfaithful to her husband before their separation. . . . Peace be to her shade!" Why, Godwin was the father of Harriet's successor. But Mary believed the same thing. She was Harriet's successor. But Shelley believed it too. He had it from Godwin. But he was convinced of it earlier. The evidence for this is, that, in writing to Southey in 1820, Shelley declares that "the single passage of a life, otherwise not only spotless but spent in an impassioned pursuit of virtue, which looks like a blot," bears that appearance "merely because I regulated my domestic arrangements without deferring to the notions of the vulgar, although I might have done so quite as conveniently had I de-



scended to their base thoughts." From this Professor Dowden concludes that Shelley believed he could have got a divorce from Harriet had he so wished. The conclusion is not clear. But even were the evidence perfectly clear that Shelley believed Harriet unfaithful when he parted from her, we should have to take into account Mrs. Shelley's most true sentence in her introduction to "Alastor": "In all Shelley did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience."

Shelley's asserting a thing vehemently does not prove more than that he chose to believe it and did believe it. His extreme and violent changes of opinion about people show this sufficiently. Eliza Westbrook is at one time "a diamond not so large" as her sister Harriet but "more highly polished;" and then: "I certainly hate her with all my heart and soul. I sometimes feel faint with the fatigue of checking the overflows of my unbounded abhorrence for this miserable wretch." The antipathy, Hogg tells us, was as unreasonable as the former excess of deference. To his friend Miss Hitchenner he says: "Never shall that intercourse cease, which has been the day-dawn of my existence, the sun which has shed warmth on the cold drear length of the anticipated prospect of life." A little later, and she has become "the Brown Demon, a woman of desperate views and dreadful passions, but of cool and undeviating revenge." Even Professor Dowden admits that this is absurd; that the real Miss Hitchenner was not seen by Shelley, either when he adored or when he detested.

Shelley's power of persuading himself was equal to any occasion; but would not his conscientiousness and high feeling have prevented his exerting this power at poor Harriet's expense? To abandon her as he did, must he not have known her to be false? Professor Dowden insists always on Shelley's "conscientiousness." Shelley himself speaks of his "impassioned pursuit of virtue." Leigh Hunt compared his life to that of "Plato himself, or, still more, a Pythagorean," and added that he "never met a being who came nearer, perhaps so near, to the height of humanity," to being an "angel of charity." In many respects Shelley really resembled both a Pythagorean and an angel of charity. He loved high thoughts, he cared nothing for sumptuous lodging, fare, and raiment, he was poignantly afflicted at the sight of misery, he would have given

away his last farthing, would have suffered in his own person, to relieve it. But in one important point he was like neither a Pythagorean nor an angel; he was extremely inflammable. Professor Dowden leaves no doubt on the matter. After reading his book, one feels sickened forever of the subject of irregular relations; God forbid that I should go into the scandals about Shelley's "Neapolitan charge," about Shelley and Emilia Viviani, about Shelley and Miss Clairmont, and the rest of it! I will say only that it is visible enough that when the passion of love was aroused in Shelley (and it was aroused easily) one could not be sure of him, his friends could not trust him. We have seen him with the Boinville family. With Emilia Viviani he is the same. If he is left much alone with Miss Clairmont, he evidently makes Mary uneasy; nay, he makes Professor Dowden himself uneasy. And I conclude that an entirely human inflammability, joined to an inhuman want of humor and a superhuman power of self-deception, are the causes which chiefly explain Shelley's abandonment of Harriet in the first place, and then his behavior to her and his defence of himself afterwards.

His misconduct to Harriet, his want of humor, his self-deception, are fully brought before us for the first time by Professor Dowden's book. Good morals and good criticism alike forbid that when all this is laid bare to us we should deny, or hide, or extenuate it. Nevertheless I go back after all to what I said at the beginning; still our ideal Shelley, the angelic Shelley, subsists. Unhappily the data for this Shelley we had and knew long ago, while the data for the unattractive Shelley are fresh; and what is fresh is likely to fix out attention more than what is familiar. But Professor Dowden's volumes, which give so much, which give too much, also afford data for picturing anew the Shelley who delights, as well as for picturing for the first time a Shelley who, to speak plainly, disgusts; and with what may renew and restore our impression of the delightful Shelley I shall end.

The winter at Marlow, and the ophthalmia caught among the cottages of the poor, we knew, but we have from Professor Dowden more details of this winter and of Shelley's work among the poor; we have above all, for the first time, I believe, a line of verse of Shelley's own which sums up truly and perfectly this most attractive side of him,

I am the friend of the unfriended poor.

But that in Shelley on which I would especially dwell is that in him which contrasts most with the ignobleness of the world in which we have seen him living, and with the pernicious nonsense which we have found him talking. The Shelley of "marvellous gentleness," of feminine refinement, with gracious and considerate manners, "a perfect gentleman, entirely without arrogance or aggressive egotism," completely devoid of the proverbial and ferocious vanity of authors and poets, always disposed to make little of his own work and to prefer that of others, of reverent enthusiasm for the great and wise, of high and tender seriousness, of heroic generosity, and of a delicacy in rendering services which was equal to his generosity — the Shelley who was all this is the Shelley with whom I wish to end. He may talk nonsense about tyrants and priests, but what a high and noble ring in such a sentence as the following, written by a young man who is refusing 2,000*l.* a year rather than consent to entail a great property! —

That I should entail 120,000*l.* of command over labor, of power to remit this, to employ it for benevolent purposes, on one whom I know not — who might, instead of being the benefactor of mankind, be its bane, or use this for the worst purposes, which the real delegates of my chance-given property might convert into a most useful instrument of benevolence! No! this you will not suspect me of.

And again: —

I desire money because I think I know the use of it. It commands labor, it gives leisure; and to give leisure to those who will employ it in the forwarding of truth is the noblest present an individual can make to the whole.

If there is extravagance here, it is extravagance of a beautiful and rare sort, like Shelley's "underhand ways" also, which differed singularly, the cynic Hogg tells us, from the underhand ways of other people; "the latter were concealed because they were mean, selfish, sordid; Shelley's secrets, on the contrary (kindnesses done by stealth), were hidden through modesty, delicacy, generosity, refinement of soul."

His forbearance to Godwin, to Godwin lecturing and renouncing him and at the same time holding out, as I have said, his hat to him for alms, is wonderful; but the dignity with which he at last, in a letter perfect for propriety of tone, reads a lesson to his ignoble father-in-law, is in the best possible style: —

Perhaps it is well that you should be informed that I consider your last letter to be written in a style of haughtiness and encroach-

ment which neither awes nor imposes on me; but I have no desire to transgress the limits which you place to our intercourse, nor in any future instance will I make any remarks but such as arise from the strict question in discussion.

And again: —

My astonishment, and, I will confess, when I have been treated with most harshness and cruelty by you, my indignation, has been extreme, that, knowing as you do my nature, any considerations should have prevailed on you to have been thus harsh and cruel. I lamented also over my ruined hopes of all that your genius once taught me to expect from your virtue, when I found that for yourself, your family, and your creditors, you would submit to that communication with me which you once rejected and abhorred, and which no pity for my poverty or sufferings, assumed willingly for you, could avail to extort.

Moreover, though Shelley has no humor, he can show as quick and sharp a tact as the most practised man of the world. He has been with Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, and he writes of the latter: —

La Guiccioli is a very pretty, sentimental, innocent Italian, who has sacrificed an immense future for the sake of Lord Byron, and who, if I know anything of my friend, of her, and of human nature, will hereafter have plenty of opportunity to repent her rashness.

Tact also, and something better than tact, he shows in his dealings, in order to befriend Leigh Hunt, with Lord Byron. He writes to Hunt: —

Particular circumstances, or rather, I should say, particular dispositions in Lord Byron's character, render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself intolerable to me; thus much, my best friend, I will confess and confide to you. No feelings of my own shall injure or interfere with what is now nearest to them — your interest; and I will take care to preserve the little influence I may have over this Proteus, in whom such strange extremes are reconciled, until we meet.

And so we have come back again, at last, to our original Shelley — to the Shelley of the lovely and well-known picture, to the Shelley with "flushed, feminine, artless face," the Shelley "blushing like a girl," of Trelawny. Professor Dowden gives us some further attempts at portraiture. One by a Miss Rose, of Shelley at Marlow: —

He was the most interesting figure I ever saw; his eyes like a deer's, bright but rather wild; his white throat unfettered; his slender but to me almost faultless shape; his brown

long coat with curling lamb's wool collar and cuffs—in fact his whole appearance—are as fresh in my recollection as an occurrence of yesterday.

Feminine enthusiasm may be deemed suspicious, but a Captain Kennedy must surely be able to keep his head. Captain Kennedy was quartered at Horsham in 1813, and saw Shelley when he was on a stolen visit, in his father's absence, at Field Place:—

He received me with frankness and kindness, as if he had known me from childhood, and at once won my heart. I fancy I see him now as he sate by the window, and hear his voice, the tones of which impressed me with his sincerity and simplicity. His resemblance to his sister Elizabeth was as striking as if they had been twins. His eyes were most expressive; his complexion beautifully fair, his features exquisitely fine; his hair was dark, and no peculiar attention to its arrangement was manifest. In person he was slender and gentlemanlike, but inclined to stoop; his gait was decidedly not military. The general appearance indicated great delicacy of constitution. One would at once pronounce of him that he was different from other men. There was an earnestness in his manner and such perfect gentleness of breeding and freedom from everything artificial as charmed every one. I never met a man who so immediately won upon me.

Mrs. Gisborne's son, who knew Shelley well at Leghorn, declared Captain Kennedy's description of him to be "the best and most truthful I have ever seen."

To all this we have to add the charm of the man's writings—of Shelley's poetry. It is his poetry, above everything else, which for many people establishes that he is an angel. Of his poetry I have not space now to speak. But let no one suppose that a want of humor and a self-delusion such as Shelley's have no effect upon a man's poetry. The man Shelley, in very truth, is not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry, no less than in life, he is "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

From Temple Bar.

SOUVENIRS OF AN EGOIST.

EHEU FUGACES! How that air carries me back, that air ground away so unmercifully, sans tune, sans time, on a hope-

lessly discordant barrel-organ, right underneath my window. It is being bitterly execrated, I know, by the literary gentleman who lives in chambers above me, and by the convivial gentleman who has a dinner party underneath. It has certainly made it impossible for me to continue the passage in my new Fugue in A minor, which was being transferred so flowingly from my own brain on to the score when it interrupted me. But for all that, I have a shrewd suspicion that I shall bear its unmusical torture as long as it lasts, and eventually send away the frowsy foreigner who, no doubt, is playing it, happy with a fairly large coin.

Yes; for the sake of old times, for the old emotion's sake—for Ninette's sake, I put up with it, not altogether sorry for the recollections it has aroused.

How vividly it brings it all back! Though I am a rich man now, and so comfortably domiciled; though the fashionable world is so eager to lionize me, and the musical world looks upon me almost as a god, and to-morrow hundreds of people will be turned away for want of space from the hall where I am to play, just I alone, my last Fantaisie, it was not so very many years ago that I trudged along, fiddling for halfpence, in the streets. Ninette and I—Ninette with her barrel-organ, and I fiddling. Poor little Ninette—that air was one of the four her organ played. I wonder what has become of her? Dead, I should hope, poor child. Now that I am successful and famous, a baron of the French Empire, it is not altogether unpleasant to think of the old penniless vagrant days, by a blazing fire, in a thick carpeted room, with the November night shut outside. I am rather an epicure of my emotions, and my work is none the worse for it.

"Little egoist," I remember Lady Greville once said of me, "he has the true artistic susceptibility. All his sensations are so much grist for his art."

But it is of Ninette, not Lady Greville, that I think to-night, Ninette's childish face that the dreary grinding organ brings up before me, not Lady Greville's aquiline nose and delicate artificial complexion.

Although I am such a great man now, I should find it very awkward to be obliged to answer questions as to my parentage and infancy.

Even my nationality I could not state precisely, though I know I am as much Italian as English, perhaps rather more. From Italy I have inherited my genius and

enthusiasm for art, from England I think I must have got my common sense, and the capacity of keeping the money which I make : also a certain natural coldness of disposition, which those who only know me as a public character do not dream of. All my earliest memories are very vague and indistinct. I remember tramping over France and Italy with a man and woman—they were Italian, I believe—who beat me, and a fiddle, which I loved passionately, and which I cannot remember having ever been without. They are very shadowy presences now, and the name of the man I have forgotten. The woman, I think, was called Maddalena. I do not suppose they were related to me in any way—anyhow, I hated them bitterly, and eventually, after a worse beating than usual, ran away from them. I never cared for any one except my fiddle, until I knew Ninette.

I was very hungry and miserable indeed when that rencontre came about. I wonder sometimes what would have happened if Ninette had not come to the rescue, just at that particular juncture. Would some other salvation have appeared, or would—well, well, if one once begins wondering what would have happened if certain accidents in one's life had not befallen one when they did, where will one come to a stop? Anyhow, when I had escaped from my taskmasters, a wretched, puny child of ten, undersized and shivering, clasping a cheap fiddle in my arms, lost in the huge labyrinth of Paris, without a sou in my rags to save me from starvation, I *did* meet Ninette, and that after all is the main point.

It was at the close of my first day of independence, a wretched November evening, very much like this one. I had wandered about all day, but my efforts had not been rewarded with a single coin. My fiddle was old and warped, and injured by the rain; its whining was even more repugnant to my own sensitive ear than to the casual passer-by. I was in despair. How I hated all the few well-dressed, well-to-do people who were out on the Boulevard on that inclement night! I wandered up and down, hoping against hope, until I was too tired to stand, and then I crawled under the shelter of a covered passage, and flung myself down on the ground, to die, as I hoped, crying bitterly.

The alley was dark and narrow, and I did not see at first that it had another occupant. Presently a hand was put out and touched me on the shoulder.

I started up in terror, though the touch was soft and need not have alarmed me. I found it came from a little girl, for she was really about my own age, though then she seemed to me very big and protecting. But she was tall and strong for her age, and I, as I have said, was weak and undersized.

"*Chut !* little boy," said Ninette ; " what are you crying for ? "

And I told her my story, as clearly as I could through my sobs, and soon a pair of small arms were thrown round my neck, and a smooth little face laid against my wet one caressingly, and I felt as if half my troubles were over.

" Don't cry, little boy," said Ninette grandly ; " I will take care of you. If you like, you shall live with me. We will make a *ménage* together. What is your profession ? "

I showed her my fiddle, and the sight of its condition caused fresh tears to flow.

" Ah ! " she said, with a smile of approval, " a violinist—good ! I too am an artiste. You ask my instrument ? *La voilà !* "

And she pointed to an object on the ground beside her, which I had, at first, taken to be a big box, and dimly hoped might contain eatables. My respect for my new friend suffered a little diminution. Already I felt instinctively that to play the fiddle, even though it is an old, a poor one, is something above a mere organ-grinder.

But I did not express this feeling—was not this little girl going to take me home with her? would not she, doubtless, give me something to eat?

My first impulse was an artistic one; that was of Italy. The concealment of it was due to the English side of me—the practical side.

I crept close to the little girl; she drew me to her protectingly.

" What is thy name, p'tit ? " she said.

" Anton," I answered, for that was what the woman Maddalena had called me. Her husband, if he was her husband, never gave me any title, except when he was abusing me, and then my names were many and unmentionable. Nowadays I am the Baron Antonio Antonelli, of the Legion of Honor, but that is merely an extension of the old concise Anton, so far as I know, the only name I ever had.

" Anton ? " repeated the little girl, " that is a nice name to say. Mine is Ninette. "

We sat in silence in our sheltered nook, waiting until the rain should stop, and very soon I began to whimper again.

"I am so hungry, Ninette," I said; "I have eaten nothing to-day."

In the literal sense this was a lie; I had eaten some stale crusts in the early morning, before I gave my taskmakers the slip, but the hunger was true enough, anyhow.

Ninette began to reproach herself for not thinking of this before. After much fumbling in her pocket, she produced a bit of brioche, an apple, and some cold chest-nuts.

"V'là, Anton," she said, "pop those in your mouth. When we get home we will have supper together. I have bread and milk at home. And we will buy two hot potatoes from the man by the Madeleine."

I ate the unsatisfying morsels ravenously, Ninette watching me with an approving nod the while. When they were finished the weather was a little better, and Ninette said we might go now. She slung the organ over her shoulder—it was a small organ, though heavy for a child, but she was used to it, and trudged along under its weight like a woman. With her free hand she caught hold of me and led me along the wet streets, proudly home. Ninette's home! Poor little Ninette! It was colder and barer than these rooms of mine now; it had no grand piano, and no thick carpets; and in the place of pictures and *bibelots*, its walls were only wreathed in cobwebs. Still it was drier than the streets of Paris, and if it had been a palace it could not have been more welcome to me than it was that night.

Poor Ninette, her ménage was a strange one! There was a tumble-down, deserted house in the Montparnasse district. It stood apart, in an overgrown, weedy garden, and has long ago been pulled down. It was uninhabited; no one but a Parisian *gamine* could have lived in it, and Ninette had long occupied it, unmolested save by the rats. Through the broken palings in the garden she had no difficulty in passing, and as its back door had fallen to pieces, there was nothing to bar her further entry. In one of the few rooms which had its window intact, right at the top of the house, a mere attic, Ninette had installed herself and her scanty goods, and henceforward this became my home also.

It has struck me since as strange that the child's presence should not have been resented by the owner. But I fancy the house had some story connected with it. It was, I believe, the property of an old and infirm miser, who in his reluctance to part with any of his money in repairs had overreached himself and let his property become valueless. He could not let it,

and he would not pull it down. It remained therefore an eyesore to the neighborhood, until his death put it in the possession of a less avaricious successor. The proprietor never came near the place, and with the neighbors it had a bad repute, and they avoided it as much as possible. It stood, as I have said, alone, and in its own garden, and Ninette's occupation of it may have passed unnoticed, while even if any one of the poor people living around had known of her, it was, after all, nobody's business to interfere.

When I was last in Paris I went to look for the house, but all traces of it had vanished, and over the site, so far as I could fix it, a narrow street of poor houses flourished.

Ninette introduced me to her domain with a proud air of ownership. She had a little store of charcoal, with which she proceeded to light a fire in the grate, and by its fitful light prepared our common supper—bread and radishes, washed down by a pennyworth of milk, of which, I have no doubt, I received the lion's share. As a dessert we munched, with much relish, the steaming potatoes that Ninette had bought from a stall in the street, and had kept warm in the pocket of her apron.

And so, as Ninette said, we made a ménage together. How that old organ brings it all back! My fiddle was useless after the hard usage it received that day. Ninette and I went out on our rounds together, but for the present I was a sleeping partner in the firm, and all I could do was to grind occasionally when Ninette's arm ached, or pick up the sous that were thrown us. Ninette was, as a rule, fairly successful. Since her mother had died, a year before, leaving her the organ as her sole legacy, she had lived mainly by that instrument; although she often increased her income in the evenings, when organ-grinding was more than ever at a discount, by selling bunches of violets and other flowers as button-holes.

With her organ she had a regular beat, and a distinct *clientèle*. Children playing with their *bonnes* in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg were her most productive patrons. Of course we had bad days as well as good, and in winter it was especially bad; but as a rule we managed fairly to make both ends meet. Sometimes we carried home as much as five francs as the result of the day's campaign, but this, of course, was unusual.

Ninette was not a pretty child exactly, but she had a very bright face, and won-



derful grey eyes. When she smiled, which was often, her face became very taking, and a good many people were induced to throw a sou for the smile which they would have assuredly grudged to the music.

Though we were about the same age, the position which it might have been expected we should occupy was reversed. It was Ninette who petted and protected me — I who clung to her.

I was very fond of Ninette, certainly. I should have died in those days if it had not been for her, and sometimes I am surprised at the tenacity of my tenderness for her. As much as I ever cared for anything except my art, I cared for Ninette. But still she was never the first with me, as I must have been with her. I was often fretful and discontented, sometimes, I fear, ready to reproach her for not taking more pains to alleviate our misery, but all the time of our partnership Ninette never gave me a cross word. There was something maternal about her affection which withstood all ungratefulness. She was always ready to console me when I was miserable, and throw her arms round me and kiss me when I was cold; and many a time, I am sure, when the day's earnings had been scanty, the little girl must have gone to sleep hungry, that I might not be stinted in my supper.

One of my grievances, and that the sorest of all, was the loss of my beloved fiddle. This, for all her good-will, Ninette was powerless to ally.

"Dear Anton," she said, "do not mind about it. I earn enough for both with my organ, and some day we shall save enough to buy thee a new fiddle. When we are together, and have got food and charcoal, what does it matter about an old fiddle? Come eat thy supper, Anton, and I will light the fire. Never mind, dear Anton." And she laid her soft little cheek against mine with a pleading look.

"Don't," I cried, pushing her away, "you can't understand, Ninette; you can only grind an organ — just four tunes, always the same. But I loved my fiddle, loved it! loved it!" I cried passionately. "It could talk to me, Ninette, and tell me beautiful new things, always beautiful, and always new. Oh, Ninette, I shall die if I cannot play!"

It was always the same cry, and Ninette, if she could not understand, and was secretly a little jealous, was as distressed as I was; but what could she do?

Eventually I got my violin, and it was Ninette who gave it me. The manner of its acquirement was in this wise.

Ninette would sometimes invest some of her savings in violets, which she divided with me, and made into nosegays for us to sell in the streets at night.

Theatre doors and frequented places on the boulevards were our favorite spots.

One night we had taken up our station outside the Opéra, when a gentleman stopped on his way in, and asked Ninette for a button-hole. He was in evening dress and in a great hurry.

"How much?" he asked shortly.

"Ten sous, m'sieu," said exorbitant little Ninette, expecting to get two at the most.

The gentleman drew out some coins hastily and selected a bunch from the basket.

"Here is a franc," he said, "I cannot wait for change;" and putting a coin into Ninette's hand, he turned into the theatre.

Ninette ran towards me with her eyes gleaming; she held up the piece of money exultantly.

"Tiens, Anton!" she cried, and I saw that it was not a franc, as we had thought at first, but a gold napoleon.

I believe the good little boy and girl in the story-books would have immediately sought out the unfortunate gentleman and bid him rectify his mistake, generally receiving, so the legend runs, a far larger bonus as a reward of their integrity. I have never been a particularly good little boy, however, and I don't think it ever struck either Ninette or myself — perhaps we were not sufficiently speculative — that any other course was open to us than to profit by the mistake. Ninette began to consider how we were to spend it.

"Think of it, Anton, a whole gold louis! A louis," said Ninette, counting laboriously, "is twenty francs, a franc is twenty sous, Anton; how many sous are there in a louis? More than a hundred?"

But this piece of arithmetic was beyond me; I shook my head dubiously.

"What shall we buy first, Anton?" said Ninette, with sparkling eyes. "You shall have new things, Anton, a pair of new shoes and a hat; and I —"

But I had other things than clothes in my mind's eye; I interrupted her.

"Ninette, dear little Ninette," I said coaxingly, "remember the fiddle."

Ninette's face fell, but she was a tender little thing, and she showed no hesitation.

"Certainly, Anton," she said, but with less enthusiasm, "we will get it to-morrow

— one of the fiddles you shewed me in M. Boudinot's shop on the quai. Do you think the ten-franc one will do, or the light one for fifteen francs?"

"Oh, the light one, dear Ninette," I said; "it is worth more than the extra money. Besides, we shall soon earn it back now. Why, if you could earn such a lot as you have with your old organ, when you only have to turn a handle, think what a lot I shall make fiddling. For you have to be something to play the fiddle, Ninette."

"Yes," said the little girl, wincing; "you are right, dear Anton. Perhaps you will get rich and go away and leave me."

"No, Ninette," I declared grandly, "I will always take care of you. I have no doubt I shall get rich, because I am going to be a great musician, but I shall not leave you. I will have a big house in the Champs Elysées, and then you shall come and live with me and be my housekeeper. And in the evenings I will play to you and make you open your eyes, Ninette. You will like me to play, you know; we are often dull in the evenings."

"Yes," said Ninette meekly, "we will buy your fiddle to-morrow, dear Anton. Let us go home now."

Poor vanished Ninette, I must often have made the little heart sore with some of the careless things I said. Yet looking back at it now, I know that I never cared for any living person so much as I did for Ninette.

I have very few illusions left now; a childhood such as mine does not tend to preserve them, and time and success have not made me less cynical. Still I have never let my scepticism touch that childish presence. Lady Greville once said to me, in the presence of her nephew Felix Leominster, a musician too, like myself, that we three were curiously suited, for that we were, without exception, the three most cynical persons in the universe. Perhaps in a way she was right. Yet for all her cynicism Lady Greville I know has a bundle of old and faded letters, tied up in black ribbon in some hidden drawer, that perhaps she never reads now, but that she cannot forget or destroy. They are in a bold handwriting, that is not, I think, that of the miserable old debauchee, her husband, from whom she has been separated since the first year of her marriage, and their envelopes bear Indian postmarks.

And Felix, who told me the history of those letters, with a smile of pity on his thin, ironical lips — Felix, who carries as

light a load of principles as it is possible for a man to do with and escape the clutch of the law, and in whom I believe as little as he does in me, I found out by accident not so very long ago. It was on the day of All Souls, the melancholy festival of souvenirs, celebrated once a year, under the November fogs, that I strayed into the Montparnasse Cemetery, to seek inspiration for my art. And though he did not see me, I saw Felix, the prince of railers, who believes in nothing, and cares for nothing except himself, for music is not with him a passion, but an *agrément*. Felix bareheaded, and without his usual smile, putting fresh flowers on the grave of a little Parisian grisette, who had been his mistress and died, five years ago. I thought of Balzac's "Messe d'Athée," and ranked Felix's inconsistency with it, feeling at the same time how natural such a paradox is.

And myself, the last of the trio, at the mercy of a street organ, I cannot forget Ninette. Though it was not until many years had passed that I heard that little criticism, the purchase of my fiddle was destined very shortly to bring my life in contact with its author.

Those were the days when a certain restraint grew up between Ninette and myself. Ninette, it must be confessed, was jealous of the fiddle. Perhaps she knew instinctively that music was with me a single and absorbing passion, from which she was excluded. She was no genius, little Ninette, and her organ was nothing more to her than the means of making a livelihood; she felt not the smallest *tendresse* for it, and could not understand why a dead and inanimate fiddle, made of mere wood and catgut, should be any more to me than that. How could she know that to me it was never a dead thing, that even when it hung hopelessly out of my reach, in the window of M. Boudinot, before ever it had given out wild impassioned music beneath my hands, it was always a live thing to me, alive and with a human throbbing heart, vibrating with hope and passion.

So Ninette was jealous of the fiddle, and being proud in her way, she became more and more quiet and reticent, and drew herself aloof from me, although, wrapped up as I was in the double egoism of art and boyhood, I failed to notice this. I have been sorry since that any shadow of misunderstanding should have clouded the closing days of our partnership. It is late to regret now, however. When my fiddle was added to our belongings, we

took to going out separately. It was more profitable, and, besides, Ninette, I think, saw that I was growing a little ashamed of her organ. On one of these occasions, as I played before a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, the turning-point of my life befell me. The house outside which I had taken my station was a large white one, with a balcony on the first floor. This balcony was unoccupied, but the window looking to it was open, and through the lace curtains I could distinguish the sound of voices. I began to play, at first, one of the airs that Maddalena had taught me: but before it was finished, I had glided off, as usual, into an improvisation.

When I was playing like that, I threw all my soul into my fingers, and I had neither ears nor eyes for anything around me. I did not therefore notice until I had finished playing that a lady and a young man had come out into the balcony, and were beckoning to me.

"Bravo!" cried the lady enthusiastically, but she did not throw me the reward I had expected. She turned and said something to her companion, who smiled and disappeared. I waited expectantly, thinking perhaps she had sent him for her purse. Presently the door opened, and the young man issued from it. He came to me and touched me on the shoulder.

"You are to come with me," he said authoritatively, speaking in French, but with an English accent. I followed him, my heart beating with excitement, through the big door, into a large, handsome hall and up a broad staircase, thinking that in all my life I had never seen such a beautiful house.

He led me into a large and luxurious *salon*, which seemed to my astonished eyes like a wonderful museum. The walls were crowded with pictures, a charming water-color by Gustave Moreau was lying on the grand piano, waiting until a nook could be found for it to hang. Renaissance bronzes and the work of eighteenth century silver-smiths jostled one another on brackets, and on a table lay a handsome violin-case. The pale blinds were drawn down, and there was a delicious smell of flowers diffused everywhere. A lady was lying on a sofa near the window, a handsome woman of about thirty, whose dress was a miracle of lace and flimsiness.

The young man led me towards her, and she placed two delicate jewelled hands on my shoulders, looking at me steadily in the face.

"Where did you learn to play like that, my boy?" she asked.

"I cannot remember when I could not fiddle, madame," I answered, which was true.

"The boy is a born musician, Felix," said Lady Greville. "Look at his hands."

And she held up mine to the young man's notice; he glanced at them carelessly.

"Yes, miladi," said the young man, "they are real violin hands. What were you playing just now, my lad?"

"I don't know, sir," I said. "I play just what comes into my head."

Lady Greville looked at her nephew with a glance of triumph.

"What did I tell you?" she cried. "The boy is a genius, Felix. I shall have him educated."

"All your geese are swans, auntie," said the young man in English.

Lady Greville, however, ignored this thrust.

"Will you play for me now, my dear," she said, "as you did before — just what comes into your head?"

I nodded, and was getting my fiddle to my chin, when she stopped me.

"Not that thing," bestowing a glance of contempt at my instrument. "Felix, the Stradivarius."

The young man went to the other side of the room, and returned with the case which I had noticed. He put it in my hand, with the injunction to handle it gently. I had never heard of Cremona violins, nor of my namesake Stradivarius; but at the sight of the dark, seasoned wood, reposing on its blue velvet, I could not restrain a cry of admiration.

I have that same instrument in my room now, and I would not trust it in the hands of another for a million.

I lifted the violin tenderly from its case, and ran my bow up the gamut.

I felt almost intoxicated at the mellow sounds it uttered. I could have kissed the dark wood, that looked to me stained through and through with melody.

I began to play. My improvisation was a song of triumph and delight; the music, at first rapid and joyous, became slower and more solemn, as the inspiration seized on me, until at last, in spite of myself, it grew into a wild and indescribable dirge, fading away in a long wail of unutterable sadness and regret. When it was over I felt exhausted and unstrung, as though virtue had gone out from me. I had played as I had never played before. The young man had turned away, and was look-

ing out of the window. The lady on the sofa was transfigured. The languor had altogether left her, and the tears were streaming down her face, to the great detriment of the powder and enamel which composed her complexion.

She pulled me towards her, and kissed me.

"It is beautiful, terrible!" she said; "I have never heard such music in my life. You must stay with me now and have masters. If you can play like that now, without culture and education, in time, when you have been taught, you will be the greatest violinist that ever lived."

I will say of Lady Greville that, in spite of her frivolity and affectations, she does love music, at the bottom of her soul, with the absorbing passion that in my eyes would absolve a person for committing all the sins in the Decalogue. If her heart could be taken out and examined, I can fancy it as a shield, divided into equal fields. Perhaps, as her friends declare, one of these might bear the device "Modes et confectioes;" but I am sure that you would see on the other, even more deeply graven, the divine word "Music."

She is one of the few persons whose praise of any of my compositions gives me real satisfaction; and almost alone, when everybody is running, in true goose fashion, to hear my piano recitals, she knows and tells me to stick to my true vocation — the violin.

"My dear baron," she said, "why waste your time playing on an instrument which is not suited to you, when you have Stradivarius waiting at home for the magic touch?"

She was right, though it is the fashion to speak of me now as a second Rubenstein. There are scores of finer pianists than I, even here in London. But I am quite sure, yes, and you are sure, too, oh, my Stradivarius, that in the whole world there is nobody who can make such music out of you as I can, no one to whom you tell such stories as you tell to me. Any one who knows could see by merely looking at my hands that they are violin and not piano hands.

"Will you come and live with me, Anton?" said Lady Greville, more calmly. "I am rich, and childless; you shall live just as if you were my child. The best masters in Europe shall teach you. Tell me where to find your parents, Anton, and I will see them to-night."

"I have no parents," I said; "only Ninette. I cannot leave Ninette."

"Who is Ninette?" asked Felix, turning round from the window.

I told him.

"What is to be done?" cried Lady Greville in perplexity. "I cannot have the girl here as well, and I will not let my phoenix go."

"Send her to the Orphanage," said the young man carelessly; "you have a nomination."

"Have I?" said Lady Greville, with a laugh. "I am sure I did not know it. It is an excellent idea; but do you think he will come without the other? I suppose they were like brother and sister?"

"Look at him now," said Felix, pointing to where I stood, caressing the precious wood; "he would sell his soul for that fiddle."

Lady Greville took the hint. "Here, Anton," said she, "I cannot have Ninette here — you understand, once and for all. But I will see that she is sent to a kind home, where she will want for nothing and be trained up as a servant. You need not bother about her. You will live with me and be taught, and some day, if you are good and behave, you shall go to see Ninette."

I was irresolute, but I only said doggedly, feeling what would be the end, "I do not want to come, if Ninette may not."

Then Lady Greville played her trump card.

"Look, Anton," she said, "you see that violin. I have no need, I see, to tell you its value. If you will come with me and make no scene, you shall have it for your very own. Ninette will be perfectly happy. Do you agree?"

I looked at my old fiddle, lying on the floor. How yellow and trashy it looked beside the grand old Cremona, bedded in its blue velvet!

"I will do what you like, madame," I said.

"Human nature is pretty much the same in geniuses and dullards," said Felix. "I congratulate you, auntie."

And so the bargain was struck, and the new life entered upon that very day. Lady Greville sought out Ninette at once, though I was not allowed to accompany her.

I never saw Ninette again. She made no opposition to Lady Greville's scheme. She let herself be taken to the Orphanage, and she never asked, so they said, to see me again.

"She's a stupid little thing," said Lady Greville to her nephew, on her return, "and as plain as possible; but I suppose

she was kind to the boy. They will forget each other now, I hope. It is not as if they were related."

"In that case they would be hating each other like poison already. However, I am quite sure your *protégé* will forget soon enough; and, after all, you have nothing to do with the girl."

I suppose I did not think very much of Ninette then; but what would you have? It was such a change from the old vagrant days, that there is a good deal to excuse me. I was absorbed too in the new and wonderful symmetry which music began to assume, as taught me by the master Lady Greville procured for me. When the news was broken to me, with great gentleness, that my little companion had run away from the sisters, with whom she had been placed—run away, and left no traces behind her, I hardly realized how completely she would have passed away from me. I thought of her for a little while with some regret; then I remembered Stradivarius, and I could not be sorry long. So by degrees I ceased to think of her.

I lived on in Lady Greville's house, going with her, wherever she stayed—London, Paris, and Nice—until I was thirteen. Then she sent me away to study music at a small German capital, in the house of one of the few surviving pupils of Weber. We parted as we had lived together, without affection.

Personally Lady Greville did not like me; if anything, she felt an actual repugnance for me. All the care she lavished on me was for the sake of my talent, not for myself. She took a great deal of trouble in superintending, not only my musical education, but my general culture. She designed little mediæval costumes for me, and was indefatigable in her endeavors to impart to my manners that finish which a gutter education had denied me.

There is a charming portrait of me, by a well-known English artist, that hangs now in her ladyship's drawing-room. A pale boy of twelve, clad in an old-fashioned suit of ruby velvet; a boy with huge black eyes, and long curls of the same color, is standing by an oak music-stand, holding before him a Cremona violin, whose rich coloring is relieved admirably by the beautiful old point lace with which the boy's doublet is slashed. It is a charming picture. The famous artist who painted it considers it his best portrait, and Lady Greville is proud of it.

But her pride is of the same quality as

that which made her value my presence. I was in her eyes merely the complement of her famous fiddle.

I heard her one day express a certain feeling of relief at my approaching departure.

"You regret having taken him up?" asked her nephew curiously.

"No," she said, "that would be folly. He repays all one's trouble, as soon as he touches his fiddle—but I don't like him."

"He can play like the great god Pan," says Felix.

"Yes, and like Pan he is half a beast."

"You may make a musician out of him," answered the young man, examining his pink nails with a certain admiration, "but you will never make him a gentleman."

"Perhaps not," said Lady Greville carelessly. "Still, Felix, he is very refined."

*Dame!* I think he would own himself mistaken now. Mr. Felix Leominster himself is not a greater social success than the Baron Antonio Antonelli, of the Legion of Honor. I am as sensitive as any one to the smallest spot on my linen, and duchesses rave about my charming manners.

For the rest my souvenirs are not very numerous. I lived in Germany until I made my *début*, and I never heard anything more of Ninette.

The history of my life is very much the history of my art. I have always been an art-concentrated man—self-concentrated, my friend Felix Leominster tells me frankly—and since I was a boy nothing has ever troubled the serene repose of my egoism.

It is strange, considering the way people rant about the "passionate sympathy" of my playing, the "enormous potentiality of suffering" revealed in my music, how singularly free from passion and disturbance my life has been.

I have never let myself be troubled by what is commonly called "love." To be frank with you, I do not much believe in it. Of the two principal elements of which it is composed, vanity and egoism, I have too little of the former, too much of the latter, too much coldness withal in my character to suffer from it. My life has been notoriously irreproachable. I figure in polemical literature as an instance of a man who has lived in contact with the demoralizing influence of the stage, and will yet go to heaven. *A la bonne heure!*

I am coming to the end of my souvenirs and of my cigar at the same time. I must convey a coin somehow to that dreary



person outside, who is grinding now half-way down the street.

On consideration, I decide emphatically against opening the window and presenting it that way. If the fog once gets in, it will utterly spoil me for any work this evening. I feel myself in travail also of two charming little *Lieder* that all this thinking about Ninette has suggested. How would "Chansons de Gamine" do for a title? I think it best, on second thoughts, to ring for Giacomo, my man, and send him out with the half-crown I propose to sacrifice on the altar of sentiment. Doubtless the musician is a countrywoman of his, and if he pockets the coin, that is his lookout.

Now if I was writing a romance, what a chance I have got! I should tell you how my organ-grinder turned out to be no other than Ninette. Of course she would not be spoilt or changed by the years — just the same Ninette. Then what scope for a pathetic scene of reconciliation and forgiveness — the whole to conclude with a peal of marriage bells, two people living together "happy ever after." But I am not writing a romance, and I am a musician, not a poet.

Sometimes, however, it strikes me that I should like to see Ninette again, and I find myself seeking traces of her in childish faces in the street.

The absurdity of such an expectation strikes me very forcibly afterwards, when I look at my reflexion in the glass, and tell myself that I must be careful in the disposition of my parting.

Ninette, too, was my contemporary. Still I cannot conceive of her as a woman. To me she is always a child. Ninette grown up, with a draggled dress and squalling babies, is an incongruous thing that shocks my sense of artistic fitness. My fiddle is my only mistress, and while I can summon its consolation at command, I may not be troubled by the pettiness of a mere human love. But once when I was down with Roman fever, and tossed on a hotel bed all the long, hot night, while Giacomo drowsed in a corner over "Il Diavolo Rosa," I seemed to miss Ninette.

Remembering that time, I sometimes fancy that when the inevitable hour strikes, and this hand is too weak to raise the soul of melody out of Stradivarius — when, my brief dream of life and music over, I go down into the dark land, where there is no more music, and no Ninette, into the sleep from which there comes no awaking, I should like to see her again,

not the woman, but the child. I should like to look into the wonderful eyes of the old Ninette, to feel the soft cheek laid against mine, to hold the little brown hands, as in the old *gamin* days.

It is a foolish thought, because I am not forty yet, and with the moderate life I lead I may live to play Stradivarius for another thirty years.

There is always the hope, too, that it, when it comes, may seize me suddenly. To see it coming, that is the horrible part. I should like to be struck by lightning, with you in my arms, Stradivarius, oh, my beloved — to die playing.

The literary gentleman over my head is stamping viciously about his room. What would his language be if he knew how I have rewarded his tormentress — he whose principles are so strict that he would bear the agony for hours, sooner than give a barrel-organ sixpence to go to another street. He would be capable of giving Giacomo a sovereign to pocket my coin, if he only knew. Yet I owe that unmusical old organ a charming evening, tinged with the faint *souffron* of melancholy which is necessary to and enhances the highest pleasure. Over the memories it has excited I have smoked a pleasant cigar — peace to its ashes!

ERNEST C. DOWSON.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
ELK-HUNTING.

"An elk looked out of the pine forest,  
He snuffed up east, he snuffed down west,  
Stealthy and still!"

So sang, according to Charles Kingsley, Wulf the Goth, warrior, hunter, and woman-hater, pining for fight and chase, and reluctantly compelled by fidelity to his chief to idle away his valuable time in the court of frail Pelagia's Alexandrian mansion. In writing this article I have no desire to work myself into the sort of frenzy that the sound of his own voice kindled, after supper, in that grim old pagan; nor to horrify my — may I hope numerous — readers as he horrified his solitary auditor, the young monk Philamon, with the concluding stanza of his ferocious hunting-song: —

I sprang at his throat like a wolf of the wood,  
And I warmed my hands in the smoking blood.

Hurrah!

If we make allowance for all circumstances, including supper and compulsory

inactivity, still this was going a little too far. Prince Wulf was, as he tells us, a keen and successful hunter. Armed with bow and arrow in lieu of express rifle and cartridge, he had matched his human stealthiness and stillness against the elk's, had made a clever stalk and hit the big bull exactly in the right place. His exultant recollection of the feat was pardonable, but he might have spared sensitive Philammon the final wolf-like worry and the sanguinary remedy for cold hands. I here enter a claim for keenness myself, but I confess that even in chilly weather I prefer to put on my gloves and let some one else do the "gralloch." While touching on personal experience, I may observe that when Prince Wulf speaks of the elk as snuffing up east and down west, there I am with him; I fully corroborate the snuffing; the animal still retains the cautious and inconvenient habit. I will go farther, and say what would certainly be troublesome to explain in verse, that he actually boxes the compass with his confounded ugly long nose, every point of it up and down, and that such persistent all-round snuffing too often results in his detecting the presence of an Englishman in his immediate neighborhood, and in his forthwith making tracks for the "next parish," or maybe for the one beyond that. And when this happens for the twentieth time, that Englishman's philosophy is apt to fail him, and he waxes mad, and would perhaps do all that old Wulf did, and more, could he but out-manœuvre and turn the tables on that wisely fugitive elk. But now, as I sit, pen in hand, by the fireside at home, pledged to avoid undue excitement and calmly considering my subject, there comes to me a faint aura from the far-off wilderness; a phantom breath of the Scandinavian air, which exhilarates like sparkling wine and brings no reaction; a vision of the vast, silent forest stretching away from the dense pine brakes which close the banks of the rushing river, up to where emerges the treeless rocky waste of the higher fjeld.

ὁ μὲν πόνος ἔρχεται τὸ δ'εὖ μένει,

The trouble passes, the good abides.

I forget fatigue and failure, remembering only the charin of forest life, which once realized never vanishes; and I whisper to myself a hope that before the inevitable day which cannot now be far distant,

When all the sport is tame, lad,

And all the wheels run down,

I may once more and again find myself in

fact instead of fancy stealthily following the broad cloven *spor* among the close pine-stems, or toiling, if somewhat breathlessly yet with sanguine expectation, up the mountain slopes, or prone on mossy couch at the summit, carefully searching the expanse of subjacent forest. It will be observed that I do not, as I might just as easily while I am about it, wish to find myself with my rifle-sight on the right spot behind the elk's shoulder, nor lighting my pipe, after long abstinence from tobacco, in contemplation of the mighty dead; and for this reason, that to enjoy elk-hunting one must come to regard the necessary toil as a pleasure, to love the woods and woodcraft for their own sake, and not only with an eye to a result. If the sport does not entirely fulfil the definition of the "real" so well opposed by the late Bromley-Davenport to "the artificial," in his articles on deer-stalking, inasmuch as the whole of Scandinavia is certainly "annexed and appropriated by man" — either king or subject — with the result that game-laws, close times, and proprietary rights have to be studied, — it does, nevertheless, belong essentially to the former class, inasmuch as it is beyond doubt "the pursuit of a perfectly wild animal on its own primeval and ancestral ground." In such sport it may well be that a single success must last the sportsman a long time; meanwhile he must be capable of deriving almost as much satisfaction from his surroundings and mode of life as from his anticipation of "more blood." I fancy I hear some one remark, "This is a fine theory, but will it hold water?" Well, human nature is frail; there are moments, as I have already allowed, when equanimity and philosophy are scattered to the winds; we may be wroth even with that which we love. The test is, how often and how thoroughly do we make up the quarrel? Does the good abide when the trouble has passed?

I have somewhere above used the expression, "the big *bull*," although the elk belongs to the *Cervidae*, its specific name being *alces*, the Latinized form of the Teutonic elk or elch. In Scandinavia the male is always spoken of as ox — we say bull — the female as cow, and the young as calf. A certain number of people know well what an elk is like; a larger number have only a vague idea of a huge brute resembling a misshapen carthorse with horns — old Pontoppidan, once Bishop of Bergen, tells us that in former times it used to be termed by some naturalists *equicervus*, the horse-deer — and finally, a

great many people know little or nothing about the animal, its appearance, or its natural history.

It may be questioned whether even those who are most familiar with the animal ever saw a full-grown male elk, either alive or dead, or even the head and horns, without some renewal of original astonishment at its uncouth appearance, amounting almost to monstrosity. Take the size and bulk, to begin with. These, of course, vary considerably even in animals of the same age; but a *stor ox*, eight or ten years old, will stand in equine measurement upwards of seventeen hands at the withers and not far short of twenty-one at the crest. His weight may be from eighty to ninety stone. A hunter once told me that the dressed meat from a single hind leg of the biggest elk he had ever shot turned the scale at three *vog* and a half; the *vog* is forty pounds English. Then regard the immense hump-like development at the shoulders, and the comparatively slender quarters sloping away towards the tail; the massive shaggy throat and gigantic head, the latter out of all proportion in length, terminating in a huge hooked nose and projecting lip, and crowned with long ears and heavy palmated antlers; the wicked-looking eye placed near the top of the skull; the wiry mane and hair of the hide; the elongated legs, clean and steel-like as a thoroughbred's, with elastic ten-inch hoofs cloven into acute lobes, like twin daggers, and as weapons not less dangerous. Was there ever a more prodigious, ungainly, antediluvian-looking monster!

Lloyd, in his "Scandinavian Adventures," takes some slight notice of a doubt whether the elk sheds his horns annually after it has attained a certain age. All members of the deer tribe are, I believe, credited with doing this, however long they may live, and with developing at each change a fresh tine on either antler. It is not difficult to understand why scepticism should have arisen on the point, if we consider the density and weight of the horny substance with its extraordinary "palmation" in the case of the elk, and reflect how astonishingly rapid must be its growth during the limited annual period in which it has to grow; it must wax visibly, and have no true parallel in the vegetable world, even in the tropics. During the last season, to my personal knowledge, heads were obtained with twenty-two and twenty-six points. These were fine examples; but Professor Friis, of Christiana, who is one of the first authorities in Nor-

way on such and a good many other matters—his book, "Sporting Life on the Fjelds," has been translated into English—assured me that he had in his possession an elk's horns with sixty-two points. According to the accepted rule, the proud bearer of this intolerable burden must have been thirty-one years old. There seems, indeed, to be no reason why an animal with the robust constitution and noble size of the elk should not, if unmolessted, attain to half a century; but even if man spared him, the wolves would be likely long before that to take advantage of his increasing feebleness. He might well lie down and die of sheer despair and weariness under the accumulated honors of his brow.

By all accounts the horns of the American moose attain a greater size than those of his European congener. I am not able to sum up the points of distinction between the animals, but there is one, I am inclined to believe, indisputable difference which has special interest for the hunter. It is well known that at a certain season both the male and female moose utter a loud call, audible in still weather at a great distance, and that the Indian hunters can imitate it so accurately as to entice the animals within shot. Lloyd, on the authority of Ekström, asserts that the Scandinavian elk has a similar call-note, and quotes as follows: "It resembles a loud report, followed by a snort like to that of a horse when alarmed, but much louder, and with a note as from a trombone." If this be the case it seems incredible that it should not be universally known among those who live and pursue their daily occupations at all seasons amidst forests frequented by the elk, or among those who study its habits with professional keenness. Yet I have never met either farmer or hunter who could testify to so striking a call; but I have been told more than once that the bull elk at certain times betrays his presence by a kind of grunt, while a friend, who is a keen and experienced pursuer, speaks of having occasionally heard an elk cough. These noises are possibly identical, but they are widely removed from the sonorous utterance described by Ekström. My own practical experience does not enable me to give evidence as to any sound, except it be an expiring gasp, proceeding from the mouth of an elk. I have nevertheless for weeks together passed nine or ten hours a day in the forest, and, when camping out alone within moderate distance of well-known haunts of the elk, could scarcely have

failed to hear any unusual sound which broke the complete stillness. I must, however, put on record this fact. On the last day of the past season, October 14th, a young bull elk was shot near the Norwegian farm where I was then staying. As the shooters approached the slain a second and very much larger bull charged out of the forest right up to it, and, according to their account, this infuriated brute did certainly snort and blow, and roar or bellow— whichever may be the correct term—in an appalling manner. He was probably in a state of savage exultation over the corpse of his rival, but so dangerous did he appear that the hunters were on the point of shooting him also in self-defence, although by the Norwegian law only one elk can be killed on each farm. After a time, however, he retreated slowly into the forest. This was at least a remarkable illustration of the occasional boldness of the animal. I know two or three instances in which an unwounded bull elk deliberately charged the hunter. In one case the man saved himself by dodging round a large pine-tree and diving under the branches, which swept down to the ground—no easy thing to do in a hurry; but it was certainly better to risk injury from spikes of dead wood than from the horns or hoofs of an elk. He managed to get the muzzle of his rifle out between the branches and shot his savage assailant through the head. It is hard to imagine a more awkward customer at close quarters than an angry bull. He can use his sharp front hoofs with the force and rapidity of a steam-hammer.

It may be asked—indeed, I have already heard the question—why elk-hunting? Why not elk-stalking or shooting? We may summarily dismiss the last—it implies a great deal too much. The shots which the sportsman obtains, in even a successful season, are few and far between; he has to make the most of his opportunities. But if he be “one of the right sort” he will not grumble over his small expenditure of ammunition after he has once gone through the excitement of the chase and seen the magnificent quarry stretched at his feet. Referring to the dictionary—let it by all means be the grand old two-volume Johnson—we find “to hunt” from the Saxon “hund,” a dog, “to chase wild animals,” and to “search for.” Now in the chase of that wildest of animals (the elk) we use dogs; and all who have tried the sport will, I think, be willing to concede that a searching for the object of it constitutes its main charac-

teristic. That same searching, continual and laborious, has, I am bound to confess, proved a cause of backsliding in some who have fallen away from the select band of elk-hunters. As I shall show when we arrive in Scandinavia, the dog is used in two distinct fashions, the one being Swedish the other Norwegian. In the latter he is led, or rather leads, in harness, and his rôle is simply to assist the sportsman in stalking the elk; in the former he also runs loose, has to find the elk, to chase and yet to delay it, until the guns arrive within shot.

But it is high time we commenced operations on the other side of the North Sea. My friend Brown, who is certainly no longer a young man, but who comes of a hardy and sportsmanlike family—he is a relation of the Brown whose school and college career is familiar to a good many of us—has received a double invitation to visit Scandinavia. The first comes from his old friend Jones, who has discovered a retreat to which he can periodically escape from the cares of business and society in the heart of the Swedish Norland. The second is from his younger acquaintance Robinson, who also conceals himself at intervals from the world in the mountainous forests of Naemansdal, in Norway. I propose that we shall attach ourselves to Brown, who accepts both invitations, and see what comes of them. The intelligent reader will gather from the insidious and highly original nomenclature which I have adopted that my selfish purpose is to mask not only the personality of the sportsmen whose doings I record, but also the whereabouts of their Scandinavian retreats. I will go so far as to say that the latter are somewhere between the Skager-Rack and the North Cape, which statement opens out for the curious a tolerably wide field of investigation. Although I have undertaken to write a sporting article, I do not feel bound to imitate the open-heartedness of many who, having somewhere discovered a secluded corner where they can enjoy themselves after their own fashion, forthwith invite all mankind through the medium of the *Field* to share their seclusion and their joy. Such public-spirited generosity is beyond me; I applaud the discreet aposiopesis of the twin authors of “Three in Norway,” who, when on the very brink of revelation, exclaim, “No; philanthropy has limits. No man can expect to be told patterns of flies!” And therefore I hope that the reader, kind as well as intelligent, will pardon my reticence, and suffer

my trio to remain *incogniti* in a *terra incognita*.

Brown then readily accepts the invitations. His holiday commences in August; he must return to England by October. In Sweden elk-hunting begins and ends with September; in Norway it is permitted from the 15th of that month to the same date in the following one. He will, therefore, first visit Jones, and look up Robinson on his way back to England. He meets with some discouragement when he declares his plans to a few friends. "You may as well," says one — bound for Scotland, where he hopes on the 12th to assist in slaughtering some hundreds of young grouse — "go into the fields and pot a bullock as a big brute of an elk." Says another, "My dear Brown, you will break your heart over it and never get a shot; you are not young enough, and, forgive my saying so, too stout for that kind of work. Come with me and have some quiet trolling in Wales." "Norway and Sweden are small places, and there are too many people in them," remarks a third; "they are played out. If you want wild sport, why not run across the Atlantic, take the Canadian Pacific rail for a couple of thousand miles, and work up the Kicking Horse River?" But Brown is not to be disheartened or deterred from his purpose; he wishes his friends good-bye and good sport in their respective lines, and one fine morning in August takes his ticket for Hull by the 10.30 train from King's Cross, and is off. A week later he jumps out of bed at an early hour, opens the window of an upper room in a comfortable Anglicized farmhouse, and gazes eagerly at the prospect before him. The foreground is a gentle descent of greenest grass beginning to sprout afresh after the removal of the hay-crop. At its foot lies a broad reach of river sweeping round the sharp curve of the opposite beach, where the steep sand and gravel glow richly in the morning sun, and gliding thence with gradually widening channel and decreasing current until, a quarter of a mile below, it is merged in the placid expanse of the blue lake. The near shore as far as the mouth of the river, a sunny slope facing the south, is cultivated in alternate strips of oats, barley, and potatoes, and, with this exception, nothing is visible except forest, unbroken, rolling forest, until at the extremity of the lake rises into air above the mists at its base the bare, snowpatched cone of a noble mountain. Brown's eye follows the range of pine-clad hills, and he wonders which

point of that interminable woodland conceals the doomed elk which is quietly breakfasting unconscious that the blood-thirsty gaze of an airily clad Briton is on his hiding-place. There is a stir about the farm; an old woman and a comely, bare-legged damsel pass the window laden with pails of milk; the farmer and his youngest son have been to take up the nets in the lake and are bearing between them up the grassy slope a basket filled with fine trout and char; one elder brother is busy chopping wood in an outhouse, and another sharpening an axe, assisted by a very buxom, yellow-haired young woman, who chatters merrily as her stalwart arms turn the grindstone. Brown dresses himself and takes a stroll before breakfast. A quiet path down a glade bordered on either side with densely set birch-trees and an undergrowth of bilberry and juniper brings him to the pebbly margin of the lake. The tranquil sheet of water is completely encircled by the endless forest, only here and there above the dark mass of pines rises the paler edge of the open ffield. A brood of red-throated divers is splashing and diving and calling at a safe distance from shore; a family of cinnamon jays comes jerking and flitting through the wood to inspect the stranger, and as he subsides on to a boulder and lights his pipe, fearlessly surround him and comment in musical whistles on his appearance; above the tree-tops a huge buzzard sails past on motionless wings. Brown thinks to himself that after all there is some refreshing sense of the primeval about this played-out country.

His glance falls upon a flower nestling under the boulder on which he is seated; like many who love field sports he has a smattering of natural science, including botany, and he examines it. It is a butterwort, with its star of curled green leaves and rich purple blossom; and surely the delicate, fern-like fringe of that turf-hummock is Alpine rue, and just beyond are groups of the minute Scottish primrose. He is encompassed by floral rarities. In returning to the house he quits the path and takes a short cut through the wood. He finds the delicate *Linnaea borealis* trailing over every decaying stump, the single-flowered wintergreen with her one pure blossom more fragrant than was ever lily of the valley, and her taller sisters with their clusters of wax-like bells. As he stoops to gather a specimen, he is startled by a rush of whirling wings, and from the brushwood close at hand a dozen *hjerper*, the smallest of the grouse tribe



— otherwise known as gelinottes, or hazel-hens — scatter into the neighboring trees, where they sit motionless and render themselves all but invisible. Brown returns to breakfast in an enthusiastic frame of mind, parting owing to the exhilarating air and partly to the varied interest of his stroll, with a magnificent appetite, and with a bouquet of flowers such as no wealth could have purchased for him in Covent Garden.

I can but glance at his occupations and amusements during the next few days. He is allowed to shoot a few black game and hjerper in a part of the near forest where he is not likely to scare the elk. He and Jones make an expedition up the river, combining boat and bank fishing. A series of waterfalls below the lake bar the ascent of the salmon, but there are plenty of trout. Although it is rather late in the season they have a good day, a day in fact that astonishes Brown. He uses the fly only, his friend fly and spoon alternately. They return with forty-seven fish which weigh fifty-one pounds. The largest, of seven pounds, succumbs to Jones's spoon, and is by him termed a decent fish; but Brown, less accustomed to such victories, exults in the conquest of one of half that size, lured with a big "March brown." The next day, however, this success is altogether eclipsed by his capture — just above the rapid where the river runs out of the lake — of a glorious nine-pounder, which falls a victim to the attractions of a phantom minnow six inches long. When he exhibits his prize to Jones, the latter, without other comment, says, "It is a pity we haven't time to work the 'sound' properly; the big trout are just running in out of the lake. About this time last year Smith took out of that bit of water six successive fish which weighed seventy-nine pounds, the largest went nineteen." Brown is inclined to think this anecdote somewhat cruel and ill-timed. And after his "crowning mercy" of the nine-pounder the rod is laid aside for the rifle, for the morrow is the first of September — "the glorious first!" — and a thirty days' war is declared against the elk. As Brown selects the cartridges for his pouch — about enough, by the way, to last him half-a-dozen seasons — and handles his double-barrelled express, he thinks with some compassion and contempt of the crowd of stay-at-home sportsmen who are similarly engaged, all eagerly bent on the slaughter of the poor "little brown bird." It is true that last year he was himself as eager as any; but what a despicable thing is a field of turnips

compared to that illimitable forest whose recesses he is about to explore! He has been duly instructed by his host in the theory of the chase. On the opening day they are to hunt together, just to see that Brown is properly entered, and after that they will go singly and take separate beats. Brown rejoices to hear that in Sweden you may kill as many elk as you please — or can — on the same farm, while in Norway a man is meanly restricted to one for each holding. What a pitiful restriction! thinks he, as some vague fancy of having half-a-dozen elk to gather flits across his mind.

They make an early start and form a party of four. Nils, the boatman, has changed his occupation to that of hunter, whilst over-night his friend Johan, a well-known local Nimrod, has arrived from the other side of the lake. These two men have charge of the dogs, Passop and Huy. The latter appear to be a variety of the breed very popular some years ago in England under the name of Spitz. Huy is a small hound; his coat of soft and erect ash-colored hair is especially long and thick about the neck and shoulders; his eyes are bright and keen, but his expression is generally mild. Passop is a good deal bigger, with coarser hair of a dark brindled grey. His yellowish-brown eyes glare habitually, and he wears a perpetual frown, expressive of deep thought and latent ferocity. Both have acutely cocked ears, and their bushy tails curl to that degree that they seem to lift the hind legs off the ground. Huy testifies his delight at the commencement of the annual campaign by many lamb-like gambols and short quick barks, but Passop, after a single caper, sternly represses his emotion and settles, perhaps somewhat prematurely, down to business. The party take boat across the river, and for some distance follow the rough main road through the forest, from which they branch off by a narrow path that plunges into the depth of the woodland, after which all conversation is carried on in whispers. By this, and the serious countenances of his companions, Brown is much impressed. They march in single file. Johan and Nils go first, each with a dog, the Englishmen following. Passop has the post of honor. The end of the long leader attached to his collar is twisted round Johan's hand, and Brown admires the harmonious adroitness with which, when at last they quit the path also and turn into the trackless wilderness, the pair work their way among the trees, through the

occasionally dense covert and over the bristling chevaux-de-frise of fallen trunks. The dog instinctively selects the easiest passage, never strains inconveniently at the leader, which, nevertheless, he keeps taut, never goes the wrong side of a stem, and in an instant obeys the slightest motion of his master's wrist and shifts his line accordingly. Huy, who wears a kind of harness passing round the chest and under the belly, behaves with equal discretion, guiding, and yet guided by, Nils. But it strikes as much sense of the ludicrous as still remains unevaporated in Brown, that the general effect is decidedly that of two blind men with their faithful canine conductors. And now, as they reach the foot-hills, the ground becomes gradually steeper, and Brown begins to wish that there was a view to admire. The fallen timber on the slopes presents continual obstacles, which have to be negotiated with some care to avoid being spiked by the sharp dead branches, and making undue noise. When Brown, who is bringing up the rear and trying all he can to imitate the noiseless progress of the van, causes by his awkward clambering or treading a loud crack or crash, Jones, who is long and spare, and going well within himself, half turns, and looks back at him with a frown and a reproachful shake of the head. The fact is that the pace is too good for Brown on this his first essay and over such a country. It is not much relief to him when they emerge occasionally into the open, and have to wade across swampy upland meadows, or to labor through morasses up to their knees in spongy moss. He had no idea until now that his rifle, which he gallantly refused to let Johan carry for him, was so heavy. However, he struggles on gamely, steaming with perspiration, and after a couple of hours of mute endurance, Jones mercifully guesses at his friend's condition, and with the faintest of whistles brings Johan to a halt. Brown tries hard to conceal his distress, and with the air of one who is luxuriously enjoying his outing stretches himself on the elastic couch beneath the pines, whilst the other three hold a whispered conference. But in ten minutes they are off again, and the monotonous march continues without a break and without much change of scene or incident. Whilst on the lower level and following the path — always an attraction to game — they had disturbed several broods of black game and hjerper; but now they are penetrating into the solemn depths of the forest, where bird life seems

to die out altogether, to be resuscitated on the open fied above, the favorite haunt of the *ryper*, or willow-grouse. Only now and then the sudden loud flapping of a wary old cock capercailzie, the feathered anchorite of these sombre solitudes, makes Brown start and grasp his rifle nervously. He is fast arriving at the same point of exhaustion as before when of a sudden, see! what is Passop about? The hound is slightly straining at the leader, with his head thrown up and his pointed nose snuffing energetically, and behind him Huy is repeating the performance with improvements of his own, until his ears almost touch the centre of his spine in his exaggerated anxiety to catch the wind, and the curl of his tail tightens until it seems likely to fly in pieces. This time Jones looks over his shoulder and, without even a whisper, rolls his eyes towards the dogs with expressive indication of what is taking place. In an instant Brown is another man; his distress leaves him and his heart throbs only with excitement; his shooting-boots no longer feel like clogs of lead, and he forgets the burden of his rifle. "What is the meaning of this?" he thinks; "are the elk close ahead?" and he makes sure that his cartridges are in, and wonders how on earth he is to shoot with those fellows meandering about in front of him. Another hundred yards, and down goes Passop's head, and the party comes to a sudden stop, Brown in his excitement blundering into Jones before he can pull up. Patience, good sanguine Brown; you will be a wiser and sadder man before you have half ended your apprenticeship to elk-hunting. Here it is at last! the fresh spor at which the dogs are snuffing eagerly, thrusting their noses into the mighty footprints. Johan stoops, and with his first and second fingers extended draws two lines and makes two dots which trace the impress of the hoof. "A bull, cow, and calf," he whispers, after carefully surveying the ground, "and moving quietly." The tracks are clearly those of last night or early morning; they cross the line of our hunters at an angle of 45° up wind. Nothing can be better, and the pursuers advance with extra caution. At this critical juncture, whether from excitement or from the effect of his forgotten toil, Brown's throat begins to tickle and he is afflicted with an irresistible desire to cough. Jones, to his disgust, hears in his rear sundry choking sounds, and, looking over his shoulder as usual, discovers Brown purple from repression. A single smothered explosion, however, relieves

the sufferer, and Jones foregoes his intention of sending him home at once to shoot his dinner for to-morrow's dinner, and gives him another chance. And now signs dear to the hunter multiply themselves. The dogs repeatedly rise on their hind legs and snuff intently at the bushes tainted by the passage of the mighty deer, and even at the long, pliant grasses which here and there bend unbroken over the trail. Nothing escapes Johan's eye, it is as perfect as his dog's nose. Here a scattered leaf or two shows him that the tall cow has cropped the foliage from the top of a slender sapling; there the calf has nibbled a single twig on a low bush; while the bull, taking a line of his own at some little distance, has blazed a tree by rubbing his horns against it, and farther on has playfully sparred with a young fir and left it a wreck, the bark in tatters, and every branch broken. All this time Passop has been doggedly pressing forward, and Huy straining more and more upon the scent, and when the passage of a deep ravine and small stream has been cautiously effected, the leading hound stops, raises his head, and with his fierce frown gazes intently at a long low eminence covered with thick wood and separated from the spot where the hunters stand by a strip of bare morass. Johan at once turns in his tracks and signs to them to descend again into the ravine. Then, by working up this and employing his perfect knowledge of the ground, he makes a kind of half-circle and gives the dogs the wind off the said eminence from several different stations. In each case Passop, with working nostrils, repeats his concentrated stare, and Huy more demonstratively, but as mutely, corroborates the opinion of his elder. "The elks are there," whispers Johan, and Brown realizes that the critical moment has arrived at last, when the hunter stoops and commences to loosen the leader from Passop's collar, while Nils does the same by Huy. It is grand to see the way in which the old dog, after one long deliberate shake, goes off with flashing eyes at a steady, wolf-like gallop, quickly overhauling the apparently faster Huy, who has snatched a start in the first few moments of his release. Johan has carefully selected the spot for loosing the dogs; it is a knoll, fairly clear of trees and fallen timber, close to and nearly opposite the centre of the long wooded slope towards which the pair are now racing. It commands a partial view into a broad valley beyond, wherein lies a considerable sheet of water. As the dogs disappear into the

dense timber immediately opposite there is perfect silence among the group upon the knoll. All are listening intently—every ear is straining to catch the first welcome note that shall proclaim the finding of the elk. It is long in coming, evidently longer than Johan had anticipated, for he mutters something to Nils, and his rather stolid face looks for a while positively anxious. Jones begins to fidget and Brown fears a *fiasco*—the elk must have moved farther. No! there it is! at last! The stillness is gloriously broken by Passop's deep, angry bay, followed by Huy's exciting treble barking. "They have him," exclaimed Jones, as he dashes down the declivity in front and covers with long strides the flat below. Johan sticks close to him, and Brown follows as best he may; Nils has his orders, and remains on the lookout where he is. The dogs have evidently found on the crest of the hill and are running the elk along the ridge. Brown at once bears away to the right, hoping to avoid the steepest part of the ascent in front and to take the rise at an easier angle. He confesses to himself that for a man in his condition, fresh from England—of course the condition, not the age, is to blame—to think of running for any distance up hill is supremely absurd—on fairly level ground he can do as well as others; and at the instant he demonstrates this fact by catching his foot in a root and coming down on his face, extended in a particularly moist spot. He is soon on his legs again, but the fall has knocked the remaining wind out of him and he subsides into a walk. On reaching the belt of wood he discovers that the hillside, which looked fairly practicable from a distance, is broken up into deep gullies and, of course, barricaded with dead timber. For some time he becomes engaged in a terrible obstacle-race and makes little progress, then it occurs to him to descend again and keep along the edge of the swamp, where he is able once more to get up a kind of jog-trot. He can still hear the dogs above him on the left, but their cry is becoming fainter and fainter, and he realizes the hopelessness of trying to come up with them. He begins to think that his troling friend in England had reason, and that this sort of thing is better suited for younger and slimmer men. Nevertheless, in one fashion or another he "keeps wiring away," stopping now and then to listen as well as his throbbing pulses will allow. Oddly enough, some lines of an old song that he used to sing in his Oxford days flash into his head—

Behind them, but far in the rear,  
Come the welters who won't be denied;  
Like good 'uns they still persevere,  
And they all take the brook in their stride.

But there is little stride about Brown when he does encounter a brook, in he goes with a splash, stumbles through, drags himself up the opposite bank, and with the words of the song buzzing in his ears struggles on, he has little notion why or whither. The dogs are now out of hearing, no doubt they have sunk the hill and are away into the forest on the opposite side. At last he reaches a spot where the shoulder of the ridge which he has been following dips to the slope of the valley, and he can see the lake glistening through the trees. Here he halts. What is the use of his going farther? Where are Jones and Johan? Where the dogs? And where, oh where, is the elk? He takes off his cap and turns his face to the breeze. Surely it has shifted still more, is shifting even now, and blowing in stronger gusts on his right cheek, in which case—hark! A faint note comes from the woodland below, another, and another, each more distinct than the last. By all that is lucky, the chase is turning his way! Jones told him overnight that elk always feed and run up wind. His hopes and excitement revive, and he continues listening, motionless as a statue. There is no doubt about it now, Passop's deep note and Huy's shriller bark are clearly audible. The sounds approach but slowly, and then it flashes across him that the dogs have stopped the bull; he is certainly no longer running. Brown dashes on his cap, snatches up the rifle which he had laid down, and goes headlong at the steep descent before him. If Brown could be taken quietly over the ground that he covers during the next ten minutes, and be shown the obstacles that he surmounts in reckless haste, I doubt his believing in his own performance. Suddenly, through a break in the forest, he sees a glorious, a maddening sight. Some three hundred yards away, on a patch of open ground, a long-legged, hunch-backed, horned monster, more huge and uncouth than anything he had dreamt of, is slowly gyrating and yawning from side to side, while in front of him, wherever he turns, and keeping just beyond reach of his terrible hoofs, Passop and Huy, their jaws white with foam, wheel and bound and rage with incessant clamor. For an instant Brown is so astounded as to forget that he has a rifle, then he clutches and throws it half up to his shoulder. No; the distance is

too great, he must try to get nearer. He has been told that the elk when bayed by the dogs—which he no doubt despises, and regards merely as noisy nuisances—is always suspicious of real danger at their back, and strains his senses to detect it. Brown, therefore, for all his unnecessary hurry, advances as noiselessly as possible, and to his delight comes suddenly upon a small tract of grass-land, with a tumble-down fence and two or three ruinous wooden buildings—a deserted *sæter*, or mountain dairy. The ground dips abruptly at the opposite side of this, and he will not be visible to the elk as he crosses it. Now at last the game is in his hands! it is simply a question of how he shall make his attack.

Oh! that some sylvan deity, patron of the chase, would now inspire Brown with venatorial craft, even as Pallas was wont to breathe wise counsel into the ear of warlike Tydides! or, to speak practically, oh! for five minutes of Johan! But neither deity nor mortal comes to Brown's assistance, and left to his own devices he commits—alas! that I must record it!—a horrible, a fatal blunder. In the sheltered hollow where he now is there is no breath of air to remind him, and he forgets *all about the wind!* The elk is working slowly along the slope below the *sæter*, so slowly that at times the baying of the dogs seems all but stationary. Instead of waiting patiently and stalking him from the rear, Brown slips across the grass-land and over the steep brow into the forest until he judges himself to be in exactly the right line; and then, with a certain sense of pride—misguided man—at being alone and at last ahead, casts about for a place of ambush. The covert is very thick down there, but he finds a narrow green glade which was perhaps at one time a road to the *sæter*, and with a beating heart there awaits the elk; he cannot be more than a hundred yards distant now. At the end of the glade is a dense clump of young pines, forming an impenetrable screen right across it. The elk advances as far as this, Brown expecting every instant to see him round it on one side or the other and afford a shot. But he waits and waits, and still there is not a glimpse of him. The dogs are baying furiously; they will surely move him into sight. Brown begins to sneak up the glade, when he is conscious of about six inches of an enormous black hooked nose protruding beyond the edge of the fir screen. Now he is coming! Not a bit of it; the nose is withdrawn only to reap-

pear on the opposite side. Brown meditates how he can approach with least noise. On the right hand two or three large trees have fallen one on the other, forming an almost impassable barrier; on the left he cannot see three yards into the covert. There is the nose again! He raises his rifle and covers it, almost inclined to shoot a foot behind, on the chance of hitting the invisible head; but just then he detects a spot where the screen of trees is not quite so dense, and behind it what appears to him a patch of the elk's hide about as big as his hand; it cannot be far from the right place in the body. He raises his rifle again, takes careful aim, and fires. For a few moments there is a dead silence as the smoke hangs in the glade; the dogs cease baying; then they recommence, but to Brown's horror the sound recedes rapidly until it is far down the hill. He dashes forward, forces his way through the thicket in the faint hope of getting a long shot with the second barrel, sees at once that there is no chance, and as the dogs come slinking sulkily back, sits down upon a fallen tree, as miserable a man for the moment as could be found in the north of Europe.

When Brown is discovered by the other three he is outwardly in so wretched a plight that even Jones cannot be cynical or stern, and does his best to console him. His face is scratched, he is soaked to the skin and covered with mud from his fall in the swamp; his clothes show ghastly rents, and through one can be seen on his thigh a long tear, happily not deep but gory to behold, inflicted by a tree-spike. But he has pulled himself together, has emptied his flask, and is consuming the pipe of comfort. With a good deal of grim humor he narrates his adventure. Johan's keen eye finds the mark of the bullet; it has cut a groove in two sprays of a pine-branch just where they join and form an angle, and was probably deflected, but Johan, after careful measurement, pronounces the shot too high. Nils follows the track of the elk for a long distance into the valley but finds no traces of blood, and a verdict of "miss, with extenuating circumstances," is recorded against Brown.

"Never mind, old man," says Jones heartily, "you got up to him and let off your piece; that is something. I assure you that I ran that bull by his smell alone for a couple of miles; but the dogs couldn't hold him at first, and the turn up wind beat me. Better luck next time!"

But Brown did not have better luck next time, nor for a good many times after that. I have followed him through his typical Swedish elk-hunt, and am loth to leave him before he has achieved some sort of success to console him for its disastrous finish, and has tried the Norwegian method of hunting also. I have no space to describe in detail, and perhaps the reader would not care to hear, how he fared when out alone with Nils and Huy, especially as though they found and ran several elk, he never succeeded in getting up to a bull before his departure for Norway; repeated records of similar chases cannot fail to be monotonous. I will, therefore, conclude this article with an extract from a letter which Brown wrote to a friend in England from Robinson's quarters in Naemandsdal.

"When I last wrote I was suffering agonies of mind from the recollection of my idiotic blunder over that bull. You remember how sometimes your uncle George, haunted by the image of a particular bunny which he had missed, could be heard muttering to himself at intervals all the evening, 'Damn that rabbit!' Well, intensify his self-reproach fifty-fold and you have my feelings. I could think of nothing else for a week, day or night; I used to lie awake and go through the whole thing again, and see exactly what I ought to have done, and how easy it was to do it. You will be glad to hear that I am better—I cannot say cured—and have, in a mild form, been 'blooded.' My bespattered conscience, like the toga of the Roman envoy at Tarentum, will take a good deal of blood to 'wash it white,' but it is a shade cleaner already. I used to think the Norland ground rough and steep and wild when I was there, but it is level and smooth and highly cultivated compared to this region. The hills here run up in terraces, and each terrace is faced with cliff, consequently one has the choice between tremendous climbing or long circuits. I prefer the latter, but I can tell you that the change in my condition since I left England is remarkable; I believe I am a stone lighter, and certainly feel ten years younger. The farms are miles upon miles apart, and there is nothing but desolation between. The natives do not appear to make hayfields out of mountain swamps, or to leave a few thousand trees lying about as recklessly as they do in Norland. The timber is almost entirely Scotch fir, which is, to my mind, a much grander tree than the spruce, and easier to see under, which recom-



mends it to the hunter. Excepting the thick belts near the rivers, the forest is tolerably open, and one can frequently spy the elk from the heights with a glass as they spy red-deer in Scotland. The dogs here are practically used only for stalking, but I will not declare upon oath that no one ever runs a dog at an elk; the farmer who hankers after the flesh-pot will wink at an occasional breach of the law in his favor. The usual plan is for the shooter, when it is certain that the elk cannot be far ahead, to go forward alone and try a stalk. It is impossible to take too much care or time over this, and there is also great art on occasion in waiting for the elk to move. Robinson, up to date, has killed three fine bulls; personally I have been out three days, have seen or had glimpses of four elk, and heard the crash of others which I managed to disturb only. And I have fired two shots; the one a snap, very difficult, and a miss; with the other I bagged a cow. Do not be alarmed. I have not been imitating the hero of Nils's tale, who, while lunching near the sæter, pointed his rifle at one of the cattle, with the remark, 'Now if only that was an elk,' somehow it went off and killed the best milk-giver in the herd. I shall tell you no more about my failures, you have had enough of them; for the future —

Horas non numero nisi serenas.

I will give you a sketch of my solitary success. Robinson and I arranged a little drive, or, as they call it here, *klapjagt*, from the noise made by the beaters; the familiar English translation is slapjack. We posted ourselves near the only two passes by which elk could descend from a very precipitous hill, and sent three or four beaters round to drive the said hill towards us. The men, for some reason best known to themselves, insisted on carrying axes instead of sticks, as though they intended to cut down the trees instead of tapping them. There was a wide and perfectly level swamp running under the base of the mountain, and on the opposite side of this lay the forest. Consequently I had a long stretch of flat in front of me on which, while waiting, I amused myself by judging distances. In the end this proved useful. When in about half an hour I began to hear the sound of the axes on the trees and no elk had appeared, I made sure that all chance of one was gone; but the dog which the man with

me was holding began to throw up his head and try to catch the wind off the hill. I have noticed more than once that the breeze will bear down scent from a great height. Then I heard a couple of shots from Robinson's pass, and soon after an elk made his or rather her appearance out of the narrow belt of wood below the cliff. The misguided animal, instead of crossing the swamp at once into the opposite forest and safety, came slantwise down it towards my station. It was a long shot, and the creature was feminine and hornless, but meat was badly wanted, and the orders of my superior officer were to slay, regardless of sex — as a rule they spare women here and children always — so when she, evidently demented to her perdition, arrived at a point which I had judged to be about four hundred yards distant, and was nearing the wood opposite, I put up the corresponding sight of my rifle, took careful aim, and let fly. I hit her — how disagreeable is the use of the female pronoun in such a narrative! — far back above the hip, and reduced her long, swinging trot to a lame amble, then I held well forward with the second barrel. The bullet from this struck the base of the neck just above the shoulder, went clean through, and she dropped on the spot. I am bound to record the surprise and delight of the natives when they came up, for seeing where the spor crossed the swamp they had judged her to be in no danger whatever from me. I confess I was much of the same opinion just before firing. She was a very fat, barren cow, and supplied us with as delicious steaks as I want to eat. It appears that Robinson had a very difficult shot running down hill, and, as his hunter phrased it, 'shot boum, boum!' which is the local expression for a double miss. And now I must conclude this letter. Leaving the slapjack out of the question, I have had some trial of both the Swedish and the Norwegian style of hunting. There is no doubt immense occasional excitement in the former, but to the latter belong, I think, the greater niceties of woodcraft and the greater exercise of patience and skill. In both the chief responsibility rests on, and the utmost admiration is due to, the dogs. I may mention that Huy is now my own property, that I have my eye on a forest, and am in danger of becoming, for the short term which my age will allow, a confirmed elk-hunter."

HENRY POTTINGER.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
MARLITT.

ON June 22 last died Marlitt, one of the most popular of modern German novelists. She had the rare good fortune to make a hit at once with her first novel, "Gold-Else," and to receive for it within a hundred pounds of the sum Thackeray got for his "Esmond." And yet it was by a chance that "Gold-Else" found a publisher.

The real name of Marlitt was Eugenie John, and she was the youngest daughter of a mercantile family in Arnstadt, a little Thuringian town in the principality of Sondershausen. Her father, Ernst John, preferred sketching and painting to standing behind the counter and keeping his ledgers. He excelled in crayon drawings, copies of antiques. Her mother had been a beauty, had a romantic turn, and always remained a devourer of fiction. Ernst had married her for her face, not for her domestic qualities, and she made him a good-looking but certainly not a managing housewife. The father's crayon drawings drew away his attention from the business, and the mother's novel-reading diverted her mind from the housekeeping, and it is not to be wondered at that the business declined and the domestic arrangements got into disorder. The children inherited their parents' tastes and aversion to business. One of the daughters who died early was skilful in the manufacture of artificial flowers, and a son, Hermann, modelled, and carved in alabaster.

Eugenie John was born on December 5, 1825, on the very day on which the birthday celebration of the prince took place, and at the moment when the trumpeters blew a blast in honor of the reigning prince from the balcony of the town hall on the opposite side of the marketplace to the shop of the John family. Günther I., of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, was born in 1760, and Arnstadt was the summer residence of the family.

Eugenie was a bright child, with dark, curly hair, intelligent eyes, and pretty dimples in her cheeks, graceful in her movements, and in after years accounted, when at Vienna, one of the best dancers in that dancing capital. But she never can have been pretty; whatever charm there may have been in her face was due to expression. Her photographs and engraved portraits are devoid of hint that there was beauty in her features.

She possessed a talent for music and a good voice, and it was in this direction that she turned in the hopes of making

her way, when the depressed condition of the family made it necessary for each to do something towards gaining a livelihood.

In 1841, when Eugenie was sixteen, the princely family were at Arnstadt in the summer, not Günther I., whose trumpeters had proclaimed the nativity of Eugenie whilst honoring the birthday of their sovereign, but Günther II., his son, in whose favor he had resigned a few years previously, 1835, on his marriage with the princess Mathild of Hohenlohe-Oehringen. The young princess was a kindly and generous patroness of art, and old Ernst John took courage to entreat her Serene Highness to help in the cultivation of the talent of his daughter Eugenie, whom he destined for the stage.

The same afternoon, the princess sent the bass singer, Krieg, of the court opera company, which had come with the princely suite to Arnstadt, to test the girl's powers. There was no other instrument in the house but an old spinet, and Krieg threw it open and struck the keys contemptuously. He felt very sure that where no pianoforte was found, there musical ability would be raw and undeveloped. But when Eugenie raised her voice and sang, he changed his opinion. She had a powerful and clear organ, and, though uncultivated, it possessed remarkable natural flexibility. As he reported favorably to the princess, she sent for the girl, heard her herself, was pleased, and promised to provide for her technical education. Eugenie followed her patroness to Sondershausen, where she was placed in the upper girls' school, and was given special instruction in singing and piano-playing. The girl had so much natural brilliancy, such enthusiasm and eagerness to make her way, that not only the family but the masters anticipated that she would make her mark when she appeared on the stage.

From Sondershausen, at the expense of the princess, Eugenie went to Vienna, where she continued her studies, and then came to Leipzig to go through a finishing course at the Conservatory. But, unfortunately, at this time a slight deafness manifested itself, which, however, she could not believe to be other than a transitory infirmity, due to a cold. She ventured to make her *début* on the Leipzig stage, and — sang out of tune. The audience listened at first with forbearance, attributing her bad singing to nervousness; but when, in a second air, she became discordantly flat, they lost patience, and by unmistakable signs gave the poor

girl to understand that she was unacceptable.

Disappointment, humiliation, mortified pride, cast her into the deepest discouragement. The ambition of her life was blighted, and no other career offered. Meanwhile the family circumstances had become desperate. Her brother, who was at the university, studying for a learned profession, was obliged to leave because his father was unable to maintain him there. His career also seemed blasted. He was a man of some talent, and of literary tastes, but was either deficient in imagination or in energy. He became, finally, teacher of modern languages in the Gymnasium at Arnstadt. He never did anything in literature deserving of notice.

Eugenie had made her first and last appearance on the stage. She withdrew, covered with mortification, to hide her head, and eat out her heart in the privacy of her own uncomfortable home. In after life, she had the satisfaction of seeing her favorite niece gifted with a voice like her own, and qualifying to distinguish herself in an art which had been sealed to her.

The princess of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen pitied the poor girl, and, to soften to her the sharpness of her disappointment, offered her a situation about her person as companion and reader. Eugenie thankfully accepted the offer, and was at once translated from her impoverished home and the little commonplace society of the trading class in a petty Saxon town to the pomp, culture, and etiquette of a German court. German princes are either *Durchlaucht* — transparencies, or *Erlaucht* — illuminated. The princess was a transparency, or, as we render it, Serene Highness. The courts of the petty princes have much punctilio about them, and only such persons as are *hoffähig*, who by their birth and position are qualified, are admitted into these exclusive circles. Now the line in Germany between the noble or gentleman and the citizen is very sharp, and there is no passing from the lower to the higher without a patent from the sovereign, and the adoption of the *von* before the patronymic.

Eugenie John had recovered somewhat of her wounded self-esteem, and she chafed at the slights, or imaginary slights, to which she was subjected at court. She was only a John, not a Von John, and a salaried servant. There was, indeed, a Baron von John in the Austrian army, who

distinguished himself later in Italy; but Eugenie could not claim relationship with him. The little etiquettes, the formalities, the order of precedence, all proved irksome to the morbid mind of the girl, who could not forgive that she was thrust into the background by little nobles and gentlefolk whose intellectual powers were far short of her own. It was probably in the court of Sondershausen that she was brought into contact with pietists, strict puritans of narrow sympathies. Those who have read "Gold-Else" will recall the bitterness with which she describes the hangers-on in a small court; her disgust at pietism crops up in other novels, notably in "The Old Maid's Secret" and in "The Princess of the Heath."

As a distinguished German authoress said to the writer of this notice, "Marlitt was a *krankte Seele*, had a morbid mind, and an unforgiving spirit. She attacked those who had offended her with remorseless animosity, painting them — caricatured — in her tales under the thinnest disguise, so that every one who knew the court could recognize whom she drew."

The pietists whom she attacks she considers to be hypocrites. It was inconceivable to her that there could be religious earnestness; she regarded the profession of religion as evidence of hypocrisy.

Sondershausen is a very small capital, numbering under six hundred inhabitants, lying at the foot of the great Schloss that occupies a height above the town, a palace that was begun in 1538, a vast edifice of irregular shape, and with towers. On one side of the castle is the extensive park, very generously thrown open to the public, and the court band performed in it on Sunday and festival evenings.

The late Prince Günther I., who had been deposed or had resigned in 1835, had shaken himself free from all the restraints of decorum. He had filled the palace with officials, and published his court calendar with the list of them all, and their order of precedence. The principal offices were filled with his natural children, of whom there were plenty. He used to ramble about his park in the evenings, pipe in mouth, flirting with the prettiest girls, and wrestling with any man who would stand up to him. But with the elevation of his son to the little sovereignty decorum returned, and perhaps a little extra stiffness to make amends for the great laxity under the old Günther.

The town and castle are prettily situated in the valley of the Wipper, among well-wooded hills.

The princes of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen are descended from the Counts of Schwarzburg, a very ancient Thuringian race. The Sondershausen branch became princely in 1697.

Whilst in attendance on the princess, Marlitt, or Eugenie John, as we must call her, for she had not as yet assumed the name by which she became known in literature, accompanied her patroness to the principality of Hohenlohe, and stayed at Oehringen, the residence of the parents of the princess. Hohenlohe is a high, bald, and thinly peopled tract of land in Franconia; the princes are also Counts of Gleichen, and, since 1861, Dukes of Ujest in Upper Silesia, with a seat in the Prussian upper house. The little town of Oehringen, where is the palace, lies on the Ohrn, between Stuttgart and Hall. Eugenie likewise accompanied her mistress on an excursion into the Bavarian Alps, and to the Schleier See and Munich.

As a safety-valve to her annoyance and irritation, Eugenie John began to keep a volume of verses, which she called her "Herbarium," in which she poured forth her troubles in lines of tolerable poetry. The "Herbarium" certainly contained many poetic flowers of the genus wormwood.

Towards her patroness Eugenie was always respectful, and bore her real affection. In 1855, whilst staying at Friedrichsruhe with the princess, she entered into correspondence with School-Director Kern, of Ulm, and he perceived the genius in the girl, and encouraged her to write, though he was unable to obtain a publisher for her verses. It was not, however, till ten years later that she made her first appearance in print.

It is pretty evident from her writings, which transparently veil her own trials, troubles, experiences, and undisguisedly reveal her prejudices, that about this time she formed a hopeless attachment towards a man, probably her superior in rank. The hopelessness of her passion, instead of softening and sweetening her heart, made it more impatient, angry, and bitter. Her irritability became vexatious, and her marked sensitiveness rendered her impracticable, so that the princess was reluctantly obliged, in 1863, to request her to retire from her position on a small pension.

She obeyed, she could not do other, without resentment against her patroness, but nursing bitter anger against those to whose influence she attributed her disgrace.

This second humiliation, and the reduction of her means, happened inopportune. Her father was without means, her brothers were in no better circumstances, and they had an uncle dependent on them. Eugenie's small pension served to keep them all in the necessities of life. Perhaps at this period of her life she shines in the noblest light, for she was most unselfish in her devotion to her impoverished family. She lived with her married brother, Alfred John. A year or two later a fresh disaster fell on her. The princess lost her fortune through some unlucky investment, and was no longer in a position to pay Eugenie the pension, as promised.

Now ensued a period of the severest privation, and anxiety for the future. But it was the destitute condition in which the family was that spurred Eugenie to attempt literary work. Something must be done to relieve their distress, and in a cold room in winter, in which she was unable to afford a fire, she wrote two stories, "The Twelve Apostles" and "The Schoolmaster's Daughter."

It is to this period of privation that is attributed the commencement of that infirmity — rheumatism or gout — with which she was ever after afflicted, but it probably only developed what lurked already in the system. Her previous deafness was doubtless attributable to the same origin. This deafness now increased, and she became at length, not exactly stone deaf, but so deaf as only to be able to hear when shouted to close to her ear.

When her two stories were written out neatly, with her final corrections, she entrusted them to her brother to post for her. As he passed the window with the packet, he held them up to her, as she looked anxiously forth. "Oh, my poor, poor children!" said she. "What will befall them in this wide, rude world?" The packet was addressed to Keil, editor of the *Gartenlaube*, at Leipzig.

The first was accepted; not so the second, it was returned with the remark that Auerbach had worked that vein out, and her story of the schoolmaster's Marie was too close an imitation of his style to be accepted. This was in 1865. Encouraged by having one of her compositions taken, Eugenie now set zealously to work on a novel, "Gold-Else," in which she described her own experiences at the court of Sondershausen. When it was finished she sent it to the *Gartenlaube*. Keil, the editor, bade the sub-editor look through it, and a few days later the latter returned

him the MS. sealed and ready to post, "not suited," to the authoress.

"What is it like?" asked Keil. The sub-editor shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing remarkable," he answered; "not above the ordinary level of female composition. It is all about Thuringia."

"I am a Thuringian," said Keil; "let me see;" and he broke the seals, and began to read, not with the expectation of having to reverse the decision of his subordinate, but in order to refresh old recollections of his native forest land. He had not, however, read many pages before he discovered that the sub-editor had either been remiss in examining the MS., or had grievously lacked judgment. He read on the whole afternoon, and read till midnight. Next day he wrote to the authoress, accepting the novel, and proposing, besides the usual honorarium for the publication in the magazine, that she should share profits with him when it was published in book form.

A very few years later Keil paid her £1,200 as half profits. She was then a cripple, in constant pain. When she received the cheque, she burst into a flood of tears, partly of joy in seeing that there was no more cause for pecuniary solicitude in the future, partly of sorrow as she reviewed the heartaches and humiliations out of which "Gold-Else" had sprung.

The pseudo-name of E. Marlitt, which she had assumed on first entering the walks of literature, she retained to the end. "Gold-Else" took with the people at once. It was interesting, somewhat sensational, passionate, and romantic. But it is not a great novel, it contains not a single character which will live, and no situations so striking as indelibly to stamp themselves on the memory. It reveals no power to sound the depths of the human heart. In a notice of Marlitt, in a number of the *Gartenlaube*, after her death, the editor says, "Whoever on a Friday in March, 1866, happened to pass down the König Strasse in Leipzig, would have been arrested by a striking scene. At a street corner where stood the office of our magazine, then erected two years previously, stood a number of people—essentially of the people, leaning against the railings, sitting on the steps, reading the just issued number of the *Gartenlaube*. That was at a time when heavy storm-clouds lowered over Germany, and when the news of the day was awaited with breathless anxiety. And yet, the scene was unlike that which took place outside the offices of the daily journals. There was no eager scanning of

telegrams by financiers, no search among advertisements by men out of employ, it was simply men and women of the people devouring with feverish avidity the last chapters of 'Gold-Else.'"

Marlitt's future was assured. She closed with an offer of Keil that whatever she wrote should go to his magazine, and that she should write for no other publisher. He had behaved honorably to her, not taking advantage of her inexperience at the first, and she repaid his honorable dealing by holding fast to her engagement, and refusing more advantageous offers made to her by other publishers.

Her next production was "Blue Beard," in 1866; but her second novel, "The Old Maid's Secret" (Das Geheimniss der alten Mamsel), is, in the opinion of the writer, by far her best work. It represents the struggles of a young girl brought up amid the strictest puritanical bonds, striving for more light and air and breadth of sympathy. Into it are woven some of her childish frolics in the old house in the market-place at Arnstadt; her scrambles among the attics, and exploration of hidden cupboards and nailed-up coffers, after old papers.

Then came "Reichsgräfin Gisela," in 1869, and "Heideprinzesschen" (The Princess of the Heath), in the ensuing year. This opens with a charming description of the north-German sandy, heather-covered plain, dotted with tumuli, "Huns's graves." But an English reader cannot see much that is pleasant in the love-making of an uncle and his niece. Here is a scene from it—to us repulsive. "At the foot of the mound he remained stationary: 'What! will you not advance a step towards me, Leonore?' he exclaimed. 'Uncle!' escaped my lips. With a few strides he reached me on the mound, a smile played about his lips. 'Strange maiden, what wild imagination has carried you away? Do you suppose that a mere uncle would be so eager to pursue his little runaway niece?' He softly clasped my two hands, and drew me down the hillock. 'Now the storm drives over us harmlessly. I am no longer your uncle. I have seen your father, and have asked for other rights, and they have been granted. He has bidden me fetch you home—but one way lies before both of us, Leonore, betwixt us only your will interposes. Have you no other name to give me than *Uncle*?' 'Eric!' I shouted, and threw my arms around his neck." And so on—with mutual hugs and kisses. "The Second Wife" is extravagant. Marlitt's later



novels show a steady decline in power. Her last work is unfinished, but will be completed from her notes, and published next year.

Marlitt's stories are sensational, like Mrs. Henry Wood, she carries on the reader's interest from beginning to end, and she has considerable descriptive skill; but they do not instruct, do not provoke thought, and show no deep insight into character. She can show hate changed into love, but not a moral transformation.

Her success with the pen enabled her to build a house, which she called Marlittheim, on elevated ground above Arnstadt; a pleasant abode, erected in the common, prevailing style of German villa, with a belvedere at the side, from which a fine view is commanded. The building was carried out under the supervision of her brother Alfred, who was master in the Middle School at Arnstadt. Her delight in taking possession of her house was qualified by suffering, as at the same time her malady took sharp hold of her, and gradually deprived her of the power of locomotion. Her brother and his wife lived with her, so also did her aged father, and the greatest care and affection surrounded her. Her workroom was on the ground floor, but she liked to roll her wheeled chair into the garden, and sit musing by the hour under a favorite chestnut, or she would be carried up to the room at the top of the belvedere, whence she could see the distant prospect of the lovely Thuringian woods and hills.

On one occasion, as she was being brought down from her lookout chamber, in a new carrying-chair, it gave way, and she was precipitated down the steps and severely injured. This accident confined her for long to her bed, and prevented her from continuing the story of "The Lady with the Carbuncles," on which she was engaged at the time. When she resumed her pen, it was by an effort of will in the midst of sharp suffering. She never thoroughly got over this fall, and it doubtless hastened her end. In October, 1886, she was laid up with inflammation of the ribs, followed by other internal complications. She received transient relief from the use of massage, but she gradually failed, and died at the end of June last, uttering with her last breath the name of her beloved brother Alfred.

Marlitt's workshop was, as already said, a room on the ground floor. Before the window stood her table, on which was a handsome inkstand, the gift of the princess, a thermometer, and a telescope, with

which she could amuse herself by looking at the distant mountains and woods in the intervals of composition. The chief ornament of the room was a rich, inlaid, antique *secrétaire* or cabinet, with handsome brass work about it. In this she kept her treasures, memorials pleasant and painful of the past, her diary, her "Herbarium," old letters, and sundries consecrated by recollections. The walls were adorned with some family portraits and crayon drawings by her father. The old man often came into his daughter's room and occupied an armchair by the stove provided for him. There he sat in silence, watching her write, and glad to catch an occasional smile and nod from her.

Marlitt kept her MS. in a locked leather portfolio, and allowed no one to see any of it till the work on which she was engaged was complete. So particular was she on this point, that on one occasion when a sheet of her MS. fell on the floor, and was picked up by her sister-in-law, Marlitt, thinking she had skimmed its contents, tore it to pieces and threw it into the waste-paper basket. When, however, a novel was done, then, at eight o'clock punctually in the evening, she rolled her wheeled chair into the room where sat her brother and sister-in-law, her MS. on her lap, and began to read it to them. Till this moment, although living with her in the closest communion of thought and interest, they had been told nothing of its contents, and sometimes did not even know the title of the work on which she was engaged.

Her relations, knowing how sensitive she was, never allowed her to see unfavorable criticisms of her work, and no notice of herself which was not complimentary. Possibly the vexation and pain which a severe review would cause might have paralyzed her imagination, and taken the heart out of her work. Her brother and sister desired to spare her vexation, but we may well doubt whether it would not have been better for her to have seen that her writings did not meet with universal admiration, and were not regarded as likely to live as classical works.

Not only was adverse criticism withheld from her, but she was kept in the most rigid seclusion from the world. She saw no one but her own family circle. The inevitable result was, that she exhausted her past experiences and made no fresh observations of character, her creations became more puppets than men and women, and her incidents were drawn with

exaggeration. The reality which was one charm of her earliest novels evaporated.

She never drew a character which will live; she managed in most of her tales to introduce a *kranke Seele*, and it need hardly be said from whom she painted it.

If we may compare Marlitt's productions with the works of two other famous German novelists, Frau von Hillern and Fanny Lewald—the latter, however, by birth a Jewess—we would say that she never approaches the rugged grandeur of the "Geir Wally" or the spiritual pathos of the "Arz der Seele" of the former; but then she never falls as low as her "Sie kommt doch" and "Aus eigener Kraft." She never called up such a figure as Fanny Lewald's "Maiden of Hela," or showed such an insight into the depths of the human soul. But she stands far in advance of most of the female and many of the male novelists of Fatherland. She is never dull and never gross.

S. BARING GOULD.

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD CABLE,

HE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"  
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

AGAIN: JACOB'S LADDER.

To Richard Cable, broken and softened, the arrival of Bishop Sellwood was welcome. The bishop was staying at the parsonage, and had walked up to Red Windows to see Cable. When Richard arrived at his gate, he saw the bishop in the garden talking to the girls and Mrs. Cable, his kind face beaming with pleasure. He came forward at once to meet Richard, and seeing that something had affected Richard, asked to have a talk with him in the garden-house, instead of going indoors. Then Richard told him frankly all his story, laying most stress on his trouble about Mary, and his fear that he had broken her heart and turned away her affection from him.

"For the matter of that," said the bishop, "do not be downcast. The girl is little over seventeen, and though she feels acutely at that age, the feeling is transitory; and before the year is out she will have recovered. It will all turn out for the best. Troubles come on us all, and deepen, where without them there might be

shallowness. And now—about Josephine?"

Then Richard Cable was silent for a few minutes, looking out of the door of his summer-house; but presently he drew a long sigh and said: "My lord, will you and Mrs. Sellwood be with us to-morrow evening?"

"I will answer for her and for myself."

Then, seeing that Cable did not desire further to pursue the subject, the bishop said: "By the way, Mr. Cornellis has played us a nasty trick. He got introduced somehow to Mrs. Sellwood's sister, Miss Otterbourne, quite an old lady, and married her. She was pretty nearly twenty years his senior, and did not survive her marriage long. My boy was to have been her heir; but she had the disposal of her property, and she has bequeathed it all to Cornellis, so my son is left out in the cold. It is of course a bitter disappointment to us, to my wife especially; but—it is all for the best. I hate reckoning on dead folk's shoes; it always leads to disappointment; and in this case I really believe it likely to do good, for Captain Sellwood has been somewhat inert, as he had this Bewdley estate to fall back on. Now, he is thrown on his own resources, and roused to action. Cable—do you remember once how he went over the palings like a greyhound? When roused, he is energetic, but only when roused. This failure of his hopes has woke him up, and he has returned to India, and I believe will distinguish himself there, for he has famous abilities, which only need calling forth." Then he stood up. "All right, my friend. Mrs. Sellwood and I will be with you to-morrow evening, honor bright. Wring my neck, if I forget it!"

All next day the Cable girls were busy with the house decorating it. Their father, full of excitement, urged them on. The bishop was coming to spend the evening with them, and so "WELCOME" must be written up in letters of green leaves and flowers in the hall. Pots of red pelargoniums and variegated geraniums must be set about to decorate the entrance. A good supper must be prepared, and plenty of lights got ready.

"Let us have all the lamps and candles that can be spared set round the entrance hall," said Richard; "and then, with the flowers and green leaves, it will look bright and welcoming. And—girls, mind you all put on your white confirmation dresses. You are to be confirmed to-morrow; but you must wear them also this evening."

"Bessie is not here."

"Bessie will be here. Mother, mind that her white dress be laid out for her ready, and also that other white dress of satin you spoke to me about."

"When will Bessie be here?"

"I cannot say. Do you hear what a storm is raging? Mr. Joshua Corye is going to drive her over, and you do not suppose that he will bring her till the worst of the weather is past. If she arrives in the afternoon, it will be well."

The afternoon passed, and she did not arrive. Towards nightfall, a boy arrived on a moor-pony, without saddle, with a message. "Please — Mr. Joshua was thrown out of the tax-cart, and took up insensible. He's better, and eating and drinking hearty-like now."

"Well — and is there no further message?"

The boy looked stupid. "Can't mind what it was," he said. "I lost my cap; I couldn't hold the pony in." He was capless, with his hair flying as shaggy as the mane of the pony. The rest of the message had been blown away with his cap.

Then Richard Cable, impatient, but hardly uneasy, went to his stable and harnessed his cob into a trap he had, and just as he was about to start, the bishop came up. After a hasty explanation, Dr. Sellwood said: "Give me a hand, Cable; I will come with you; I want to tell of a plan my wife and I have formed."

Cable helped the bishop in. "There will be room for all," he said, and whipped the horse.

"I want you to let Mrs. Sellwood carry Mary off," said the bishop. "She is a dear, sweet girl; and just now is better away from St. Kerian. I hinted something of the sort to her, and a twinkle came into her face. There is nothing like change of scene and association for curing a headache. Bless me! Cable, troubles are like stiles — made to be got over. She shall spend a month or six weeks with us; and you will see, when we send her home to you, she will have freshened up like roses after rain." The same good considerate man as bishop as he had been as rector.

"You are very kind," said Cable, readily touched in his present mood — "every one, indeed, is kind; I alone seem the one who has been hard and harsh."

Richard Cable drove by the road, because he could spin along it at a fast trot; whereas over the moor, with night closing in and with a fog gathering, he would not venture. By the time he reached the

Magpie, night had set in; but the effects of the storm were dispersing, the mists were clearing, and the sky shining with its many stars.

"Well," said Cable, drawing up at the Magpie door, "where are they?"

"What?" asked Corye, coming out. "Are they not with you?"

Then only did Cable learn the whole story of the accident. Joshua was better; he was put to bed, but vowed he would be up and take a ride next day.

"He's got such a constitution!" explained his father. "He's been brought up on Magpie ale."

"But — where are Bessie and the other one?"

"That is more than I can tell. They sent Zackie Martin the shepherd after my Joshua, and walked on themselves towards St. Kerian."

"But they have not arrived."

"Lord bless you! they are there by this time. Did you not pass them? Which way did you come?"

"By the road."

"Well, that accounts for your missing them. They went the short way over the moor."

"But Bessie could not walk so far. Where did the accident take place?"

"This side of the Long Man. Zackie told them the way and how to reach his hut, where there was a fire; but I reckon they tired of waiting, and went on."

"They have not arrived. Bessie could not walk so far."

"Go home over the moor; you'll find them at Red Windows, sure as boys go to stables. It's a mercy my Joshua wasn't more hurt. He was quite stupid for an hour."

Nothing more was to be got out of the innkeeper. Cable became seriously alarmed. He asked for a light for his lamps, and started over Carnvean Down. He knew the way; he had ridden it and driven it scores of times. He was silent now, and the bishop respected his anxiety. Trails of fog still drifted over the high moorland, but they were speedily passed through; they were lifting in the cold night air. Occasionally Cable shouted, but received no answer.

"There is the Long Man," he said, pointing with his whip to the stone, that rose about sixteen feet above the turf. "If they are wandering anywhere about, they will see the lamps; we must not go too fast." Nevertheless, ever and anon Richard urged on the horse. He was nervous; he did not know what to think,

whether they were lost on the down or had pressed on. "You see," he said, "Bessie could not go fast. *She*—that other—must tarry for her; so we may find them at home. I should have wished to have been there to meet them."

They were an hour crossing the moor. As they came to the descent—"Look!" said Richard. "Before I started, I told them to light a candle in every window up-stairs. One, two, three, four, five, six—seven lights."

"Yes, I see; quite an illumination," said Dr. Sellwood.

"And I told them to have a blaze of lamps and candles in the hall, that when they came in and out of the dark, it would be to welcome light and warmth. Please God they are safe!"

"Amen!" responded the bishop.

When they came to the gate, which was open, Cable fastened his horse to it. "I will not take him out till I know they have arrived," he said, and walked on over the gravel path to the foot of the flight of stone steps that led to the front door. Then, all at once, he, going before the bishop, uttered a cry, and stood still.

"What is the matter?" asked Dr. Sellwood, pressing forward.

They saw in the dark a black heap at the foot of the steps.

"It is they—it is they! They are dead!" cried Richard, quite unmanned and beside himself.

Then the bishop ran back to the tax-cart, and removed one of the lanterns, and came with it hastily to where the heap lay. Cable was as one frozen to the ground, unable to act through overwhelming terror and sorrow. The bishop knelt, and drew back a thick shawl; then the light of the lamp fell on the face of a child, and the child moved, uttered a moan, opened its eyes, and turned them away again.

"It is Bessie!" groaned Cable.

"She is alive," said the bishop. He gently disengaged her from the arms of Josephine, and for a moment laid her on the ground, then he felt the pulse and looked at Josephine. Then he took up Bessie again, and said in a low, shaking voice: "Cable—I will carry the child in. She is in no immediate danger. It is other with Josephine—your wife. I must get your mother to bring her a cordial at once. There is hardly any pulse, scarcely breath left. She is sinking from over-exhaustion; and I do not know whether she will live or not. You stay by her; you alone can save her. The soul

is fluttering on her lips to depart; try to stay it. I will send for a doctor; but her fate will be settled one way or the other before he comes." He had set the carriage lantern against the first step; the end, unperceived by him, was on the shawl, and as he lifted Bessie, he drew the shawl away and upset the lantern, which was extinguished. Holding the little crippled girl in his arms, he ascended the flight of steps and struck at the front door, that flew open; and he was dazzled with the blaze of many lights and the sight of the young girls standing there all in white. "My dears," he said, "I have Bessie; she is safe. Your father is below; he wants light. Quick! Go to him, and—and kiss your *mother*." Then he pushed past them with his burden, calling for Mrs. Cable.

Below, in the darkness, at the foot of the flight of stone steps that led up to the house, was Richard Cable, half kneeling, half sitting, staying up Josephine in his arms, holding her to his heart, trembling, sobbing, crying out of the depths of his heart to God to help him. Then, in choking voice, with a struggle to force the tones, as he held the hardly conscious form in his arms, he began to sing the melody—not the words, which he did not know, but the air of the mermaid's song, swaying her to the cadence of the tune, as if she were a babe he was hushing to sleep. Was he lulling her to her eternal sleep? Was she dying in his arms? Oh, infinitely precious, unspeakably dear was she to him now, that he seemed about to lose her! All the suppressed love for her, the love driven back by his iron will, returned and rolled through heart and veins as the bore in the Severn. Still he sang on, with broken voice, the mermaid's air. And as he thus sang and swayed her, down the stairs from the brilliantly illumined hall came the six girls, all in white, and each carried a light—Mary first, then Effie, then Jane, Martha next, and Lettice, lastly Susie. In their haste to obey the bishop and to assist their father, each had caught up a light; and so, each carrying a light, in the still air, under the stars of night, the six girls in white came down the steps to where their father held the exhausted Josephine. They came round her, each holding her light. Josephine opened her eyes feebly, scarce conscious that she saw aught; then Mary stepped timidly up to her and kissed her, and passed on; then Effie, and she went by; and Jane kissed her, stooping, and holding her light; and Martha next; and

after her, Lettice; and last of all, little Susie.

Did Josephine recall an evening in the cottage at Hanford, when Cable had bidden his children—the same six—walk round her, in the sunlight, and not approach, not touch her? No; her mind was too dead with exhaustion to remember aught.

But Josephine's eyes opened wide; the soft warm kisses of the children and the light roused her failing spirit, and the open eyes looked, no longer with the glaze of death on them, but with a far-away, searching, earnest longing—*upwards*, into the dark sky, set with ten thousand points of light.

"Josephine!" said Richard Cable—"Josephine!" It was the first—the only time he had uttered her name since they parted on the night that he sought her at Brentwood Hall.

She did not answer. She had not strength to answer; but a slight movement was visible on her lips; and as the children stood with the circle of light round her, and Cable looked down into her white, upturned face, he saw water rise in the eyes that had been dry, and brim them, and run over the long lower lashes, but—they never fell, for he stooped and received them on his lips.

Then the bishop appeared with something Mrs. Cable had given him for Josephine to take, whilst she attended to little Bessie. "She may be carried in now," said Dr. Sellwood. "Richard has brought her back from the brink of the grave."

#### CHAPTER LX.

#### TWICE MARRIED.

"AND now, sir—I mean, my lord—I shall venture to ask you to marry me again," said Richard Cable to the bishop, the evening after the confirmation.

"Good gracious, Cable!" Dr. Sellwood started.

"Well," said Cable in his leisurely, resolute way, "now that Josephine is recovering, I should like to be married again."

"Married again!" Dr. Sellwood's rosy face became mottled.

"Well, my lord," said Cable, "you see—before, it was Josephine married me; and now, *I* want to marry *her*."

"But you are married. It can't be done."

"Why not? It is not bigamy, is it, to be married twice to the same woman?"

"Bigamy—good gracious!—it looks something like it; and etymologically—"

"I beg your pardon, sir—I mean, my lord—I do not understand."

"According to the derivation of the word from the original Greek, it does make it a case of bigamy."

"But I cannot be punished for it—can I?"

"No; hardly that."

"Or you for marrying me again?"

"No; hardly."

"Then bigamy or no bigamy, I wish to be remarried. You see, it will be good several ways. Folks at St. Kerian never knew that Josephine was my wife; and they would ask questions and talk, and want to worry out all our past troubles and differences, if I were simply to declare we had been married, but separated. Whereas, if we get married here, in the church, publicly, no one will think to ask any questions, and there will be no nose-poking into the past, to cause Josephine and me annoyance."

"There is something in this. I will turn it over in my head. Of course, the registers could not be used, but the ceremony. I will write and ask my lawyer. How is little Bessie?"

"Failing," said Cable. "I am about, I suppose, now to build up anew my domestic life, and I have laid the foundation in my first-born, and shall set up the gates in my youngest."

"As for Mary," said the bishop confidently—"no such thing. She'll get over this matter much more speedily than you imagine, and not a bit of her love to you will be lost. Take my word for it, all will come right in the end. You are going to lend her to us for six weeks."

"Why!" exclaimed Richard; "good gracious me! it must be for another reason."

"What must be?"

"My bigamy."

"Why? What is the second reason?"

"All is prepared for it—to the bridesmaids' dresses. My daughters have their confirmation garments, and Josephine her white satin wedding gown, laid out upstairs all ready."

Two years have passed. Richard Cable is the Richard Cable of old in gentleness, tenderness; all the sullenness and bitterness have passed away completely. But he is not the Richard Cable of old altogether, for there is a refinement of manner about him which he lacked when our story began and we first encountered him. But Josephine is very much altered from the Josephine with whom we made acquaint-



ance on the lightship, now full of love and fortitude, and that ineffable sweetness and charm which only self-conquest and suffering can give.

"Richard," said she one morning at breakfast, "what is to be done? Now that my poor father is dead, and the death was very sudden, Bewdley comes to me. I am continually coming in for estates to which I have no right."

"Do you remember how the bishop told us we were to cease knocking our heads together about Hanford? Now we have that, we do not want more."

"No; I have no right to Bewdley. I shall make it over to Captain Sellwood, just as I made over Hanford to you."

"Perhaps he will act as I did."

Josephine sat dreamily opening the letter just arrived by post. All at once her interest was aroused, her color mounted, and her eye sparkled.

"What is it, Josephine?"

"This difficulty settles itself."

"How so?"

"Look, Richard! Here is a letter from Mrs. Sellwood."

"How is Mary? When is she coming back? She spends half her time with the Sellwoods."

"Look, Richard! — Mrs. Sellwood — But do read, dear Richard." She sat looking eagerly in his face as he deciphered the not very intelligible writing of the bishop's wife. Then his color came, and his eyes sparkled.

"Well," said Josephine, "does it not settle itself?"

"Not at all. Bewdley is yours, and Mary is my daughter."

"Nonsense, Richard. There is no mine and thine between us, but all things are in common. What do you say?"

"The bishop was right. Mary is consoled for the loss of Walter Penrose."

"He is right. He always said, All will turn out well in the end."

"And what can be better than that Captain Sellwood, who has come back from India, should have *our* dear Mary, and with her, that *we* should give him Bewdley?"

about the doughty apostle of his creed may be not inopportune. For it was whilst Liszt lived and worked at Weimar, recalling the bright days of Goethe's sway in the little ducal capital, that Richard Wagner, a homeless wanderer from the land of his birth, could aver that "at Weimar he had found a home for his art." When, after "Lohengrin" had been received with acclamation at the opera-house of Weimar, its composer wrote, "There will soon be no German who has not heard 'Lohengrin,' except myself," his cup was not all bitterness, for Liszt had recognized the renovating quality of his genius and espoused his cause.

Liszt's chivalric Magyar blood, says his Magyar historian, would, under any circumstances, have impelled him to side with the persecuted, even had he been less imbued with the spirit of the new departure. Therefore Wagner, who averred that "what he felt in the creation of music, Liszt experienced in performing it; what he strove to express in writing, Liszt expressed for him in sound; . . . what Liszt played or conducted was no mere reproduction, it was production itself, the true expression of the composer's conception, the complement of his effort," — Wagner must have divined in the man who was ready to fight for and with him, a well-nigh invincible champion.

From the date of Liszt's arrival at Weimar, the friendship of the reigning family had been assured to him. Only a few months before his death, he said to a friend: "If there is one thing of which I am proud, it is a saying of my old duke's, 'I have known Liszt for about forty years, but during all that time I can vouch that he has never once given me either bad or self-interested advice.'"

Still, in espousing the cause of the exiled composer, Liszt had not only to encounter the opposition of all Germany, but that also of the country to which the memory of his early struggles, triumphs, joys, and sorrows bound him. Even as far back as 1840, France shrank from, and instinctively opposed, the innovating spirit that was destined to give artistic expression to the "triumph of the German soul."

But for the Duchess [said Liszt] the noblest heart I have ever met with, I should never have succeeded. . . . The Wagner who knocked at my door at Weimar had little in common with the triumphant Wagner who afterwards became the friend of the King of Bavaria. He was a despairing soul, a desperate Christopher Columbus, who had seen and touched the new world in which others

From The National Review.

#### A MAGYAR MUSICIAN.

IN an age so alive to the influence of music, and at a time when the numerous memoirs of Wagner are exciting so keen an interest, the latest, if not the last, word

refused to believe; he carried its treasures in his brain . . . but his inspiration was contagious, and possessed a faculty of awakening fanaticism in others which I have never seen equalled. He was a born reformer, and would neither have shrunk from blood nor fire. . . . Still, no man has ever rubbed Fortune the wrong way as wilfully as he did. The genius of Richard Wagner triumphed, so to speak, despite himself, for no one ever put so many spokes in his own wheel. . . . In 1861 he might have had it all his own way in Paris; Princess Metternich had worked wonders for the performance of "Tannhäuser," but he spoilt everything. He was not easy to get on with, I must confess. . . . Perhaps he was not far wrong . . . he succeeded in proving it later . . . when his star was in the ascendant.

Lizst held, in discussing the influence of Wagner on modern music, that he had made it terribly hard for the musician of the future to hold his ground. "One must needs be both a poet and a composer of the calibre of Wagner to create a world of one's own," he added. Of Lizst's influence on Wagner's efforts, the concluding words of a speech delivered by the latter in 1882, after the performance of "Parzifal" at Bayreuth, offer splendid testimony:—

At the time when I was scorned, banished, and repudiated by Germany, Lizst came forward to uphold me—Lizst, who from the uttermost depths of his own soul had drawn the perfect understanding of my being and of my work. He said to me: "Man of Art, I have faith in thee;" he was the connecting link, the bridge that led me from one world to another, from the inner world within which I had withdrawn myself, to that outer world whose province it is to judge the creative artist. . . . At a time when every man's hand was against me, 'twas he who uplifted, supported and proclaimed me as no other could have done. I ask you to drink to the health of Franz Lizst.

## II.

CERTAIN *jaseries biographiques*—a happy designation of Lizst's for dialogues of which he sanctioned and encouraged the transmission to posterity—are graven on the most fascinating pages of an interesting record compiled by his literary executrix.\*

No other existing work on this subject enables us in like manner to realize the marvellous charm of the personality of its protagonist. The writer, Lizst's chosen mouthpiece, his posthumous messenger to the world (apart from rectifying certain erroneous notions she considers derogatory

to a great memory), sheds a singularly vivid light on the many facets of his mind, and on the varied circumstances and episodes of his career. As we gaze into her magic mirror, within whose narrow frame princes, prelates, statesmen, poets, painters, beauties, and enthusiastic crowds jostle each other around the central figure, splendid pageants surge from its depths, the shadows of the great events that darken its surface become defined; the soft laughter of fair dead ladies, the high thoughts and brilliant sayings of distinguished men, ring in our ears. And ere the smile provoked by a witty speech of Franz Lizst has vanished from our eyes, some evidence of his phenomenal generosity, of a charity truly Christlike, because ever mindful of the feelings of those it benefits, will fill them with tears that are no pain.

Without dwelling overmuch on the tenets of Lizst concerning art, which are too well and widely known to detain the present biographer, there is no dearth in this record of evidence that proclaims the consistent sincerity of Lizst's convictions, the most current and popular among them being, that music and painting should go hand in hand. One of the dreams of his youth, one of the few he never realized, was to give concerts in the picture-gallery of the Louvre. Many of his compositions were conceived under the impression produced by a masterpiece of painting, of a picture that appealed to his sympathies. The word-pictures of Hugo, Sand, and Flaubert (he called Flaubert the Benvenuto Cellini of prose) influenced his earlier manner; and later (with new sources of inspiration) it was ever under its objective and pictorial aspect that a poem or subject inspired him. Herein Lizst once more involuntarily completed the aim of him who was at the same time the creator and the idol of the creed they held in common. Lizst's fair panegyrist, like every true woman, and fervent votary, is apparently not averse to demolish other people's idols on the altar of her own. We must, with all due deference, demur to an assertion which implies that, with the exception of poetry, the poetry of motion, and perhaps as much landscape-painting as is requisite for *mise en scène*, Wagner ignored the sister arts.\* On the contrary, until the king of Bavaria "took him out of chaos"

\* We need but refer Mme. Wohl to Chapter XI. of her "Souvenirs." Why was "Tannhäuser" not given in Paris in 1861? and why did Lizst say that Wagner "n'était guère accomodant, mais que sa bonne étoile a prouvé—plus tard—qu'il n'avait pas tort"?

\* Souvenirs d'une Compatriote. Janka Wohl.

(and, to cite Liszt's own words, "like a fairy godmother or an ideal Mæcenas" changed the current of his existence, ministering to "an imagination that would have exhausted the treasures of Golconda" \* with a lavish sumptuousness that enlisted *every art* in the glorification of the one of which his favorite was the high priest), Wagner's life had been spent in clamoring for the "co-operation of *all* the arts."

Two magnificent cartoons bear witness, in an inverted sense, to Liszt's dictum, that music and painting merge into and complete each other. One depicts Dante communing with Virgil at the gate of Hell, the other St. Francis walking on the waters. They are both signed Gustave Doré, and are the outcome of an evening that the painter spent with the musician. Doré, electrified by Liszt's performance of his "Dante Symphony" and of his "Legend of St. Francis," presented the composer with the cartoons as a proof of the close affinity existing between the sister arts.

Although Pope Pius IX., of melomaniac memory, had assured his dear "Palestrina" † "that the time was not far distant" when humanitarian governments would bring psychic means (such as Liszt's music) to bear on "hardened criminals," Liszt never wearied of declaring, with singular tenacity, that music was too much neglected by governments. Opera, he said, —

was the only musical institution which in some countries is supported by the State; but it does not furnish composers of another guild with the necessary emulation, so that their genius, if they possess any, remains in their portfolios. . . . And without emulation, there is no art, says Schumann. Philharmonic societies are inadequate, because they are necessarily guided by the taste of the public. Timidly and tentatively, from time to time they venture upon the production of a novelty; but if the first performance fails to captivate an audience they never risk a repetition. . . . Schumann was furious if any one said, *This has pleased, that has not pleased!* . . . *As if there were nothing of higher importance than pleasing people.* . . . For my part, I have fought all my life to educate the musical taste of the public. . . . Many works, sometimes the finest of them, require to be thoroughly known before they can be appreciated. That is why,

\* "D'un côté la fantaisie de Wagner aurait épuisé les trésors de Golconde, de l'autre côté la fantaisie du roi surchauffait les projets [the purely artistic projects] de Wagner. Ils se talonnaient mutuellement et firent des miracles." (Liszt, p. 205; Souvenirs d'une Compatriote.)

† *Vessagiatore* of Pio Nono for the Abbé Liszt.

at a first performance, I always feel as if I were present at a court of assizes.

If governments and individuals who have the means of impartially encouraging the Fine Arts were just in the bestowal of their favors, they would organize orchestral concerts with a view to aiding youthful talent, just as they purchase pictures and statues for museums and galleries. It is true that it would be useless to buy musical scores and shut them up like works of art, for they do not appeal to the eyes . . . but let them speak, give them a chance of expanding in the light of day! . . . *Conservatoires* \* serve but to ripen a variety of more or less remarkable talents, destined to an existence of struggle, deception, and too often of poverty. I did my best at Weimar, so long as I could command an orchestra, to bring new talent before the public, but the effort of one individual is insufficient among the myriad aspirants to fame. A musical society should be founded by national subsidy in every country. Its special mission should be to enable composers who have not yet become celebrated, to produce their works. Its members might be recruited in the orchestra of the opera-house, which (in cases where the orchestra is maintained by royal or national munificence) would simplify matters, and allow of a share of its receipts being paid to the composer; all the more easily if picture-galleries were utilized as concert-rooms.

### III.

WHEN we consider the phenomenal activity of a public career that began in 1820, with Liszt's first performance at a concert, at the age of nine; † the wide area of his travels and public triumphs, the prodigious number of the composer's works, the great part he played in the development of the music and of the artistic life of the century; his brilliant social career, his countless deeds of charity and efforts in the cause of justice, — we marvel, with his biographer, at the extraordinary mind that was a store-house of so much wisdom and learning. Madame Wohl avers that in the course of the "Conversations" that are the *raison d'être* of this memoir, there was no art nor science (without taking note of abstract questions) that he did not touch upon. His erudition was the more re-

\* When Liszt, the youthful prodigy of 1823, arrived in Paris, he was preceded by the prodigious reputation he had earned in Vienna, and which may be said to have grown with his growth, and to have heralded the unbroken career of triumphs that was his lot in life. But, because of his foreign origin, Cherubini deprived the Paris *Conservatoire* of the honor of ministering to his talent, by refusing to admit Liszt as a student.

† At Oldenburg, in Hungary. His father, Adam Liszt, a subordinate government official, had taught him to such good purpose that, on this occasion, six Hungarian magnates came forward to guarantee the means for his studying in Vienna, whither he was immediately conveyed, to begin a course of studies under Cerny, Salieri, and Randhartinger.

markable, in that it embraced several idioms. So that when he said, speaking of himself, *Vous savez que je suis ignorant comme trois carpes*, he must have been prepared for expostulation as emphatic as it was affectionately contradictory. The gods loved him, and he died young, despite his threescore years and ten. He liked flattery, and, to the last, had a keen appreciation of all the sweets of life. Indeed, he never became *blasé* of the delights of this "best of all worlds." Perhaps his really juvenile capacity for enjoyment was due to the fact that, literally, his path through life had been strewn with flowers.

During his concert tours it would often happen that, at a station where there was a quarter of an hour's wait, a dozen white-robed maidens, carrying large posies, were waiting to receive him, to lead him by a flower-strewn path to an open piano, garlanded with roses, in the hope that he would strike some chord upon it. . . . A certain Polish Countess, wishing to symbolize the humility and thornlessness of her affection, always received him in a boudoir thickly carpeted with rose-leaves. . . . At Rome, as well as at Pesth and elsewhere, the floral offerings on his birthday filled several rooms. . . . Forty years ago, four celebrated beauties of the Court of Berlin had themselves painted as Cariatides, supporting the bust of Lizst, who was then in the heyday of his art and of his fame. The town was illuminated in his honor, and the King and Queen drove through the streets in an open carriage, to take part in the ovations that were showered on the hero of the hour . . . whose name, a household word alike in castle and cottage, acted upon the masses like an electric current.

No wonder he loved flattery, for although it had been lavished on him for the greater part of threescore years and ten, the jade had never deceived him. Yet this amiable weakness did not blind him to facts; he never ceased to deplore that he had not followed a regular course of study. "I scribbled music," said Lizst, "before I could write a single letter of the alphabet; I was absorbed in books on philosophy and mysticism before I was certain of my grammar. Oh! that perfidious grammar. Many a weary hour has it cost me." This from the brilliant author of the axiom: *Les œuvres ne durent que par le style*, whose own prose is so remarkable for finish and purity! When he was at Pesth, he was fond of attending the "conferences" of M. Rogeard, which were held at the house of Madame de Gerando, known to fame as the friend of Michelet and of Réclus. M. Rogeard was

the author of the "Propos de Labiemus," a pamphlet to which he owed his expulsion from French territory under the second empire.

In taking his place behind his little table, M. Rogeard was in habit of announcing his programme, as, for instance, "The Writers and Philosophers of the Seventeenth Century," "The Salons of the Eighteenth Century," "The Champions of the Literature of the Sixteenth Century," etc. Lizst would amuse his neighbor and himself by foretelling (in a whisper) the names, facts, and dates that Rogeard was about to mention in the course of the lecture . . . and would even (in his discreet undertone) correct the lecturer's data if needs be.

German philosophy had no secrets for Lizst, who, while he was on the best of terms with all the great atheists, and took a connoisseur's delight in the analysis of their arguments, kept his own steadfast faith untarnished, as childlike, vivid, and profound as the faith of a young peasant girl who has not learnt to read. The idea of God was ever with him, as in his childhood. The sacred fire that burned within him brought him so near to its divine source, that no manner of philosophy had the power to lead him astray from the deeply rooted intuition that upheld him.

#### IV.

To do artistic work, and even to do it well, does not necessarily imply the possession of the supreme creative power; that is the difference between talent and genius. The former manipulates forms and sentiments already known; the latter sings out of the fulness of personal inspiration, in the modes it teaches and distates,

wrote Lizst, in a work entitled "Les Bohémiens." This was what he wrote; what he said was: "To interpret the works of others as Rubinstein interprets them, one must needs be as great an artist and composer as he is. . . . That is the difference between Rubinstein and Bülow. . . . Bülow is prodigious, amazing; but Rubinstein has the supreme gift of creative power."

Lizst naturally judged persons in whom he detected "personal inspiration," the germ of the "supreme gift," more severely than mere executants. Thus it was that he watched the development of music in Russia with unremitting interest, seeking eagerly in the compositions of contemporary Russian composers (among whom are some of his pupils) the exotic aroma which he held to be a guarantee of the lasting power of the genius of the soil.

"Their art is young," he would say, "and in art, youth is no advantage." Their dreamy

music is, as yet, too vague and undefined. As the long months of their winter are followed by a short summer of wild, exuberant vitality, so does their music abound in monotonous lengths, brightened by gleams of melody . . . but these melodies must emulate the lavish splendor of their summer ere they can express the originality that is native to the soil. . . . It is its very emanation, inseparable from its steppes, and the manner in which Slavonic races face both life and death; due as much to the climate as to hereditary tendencies. The Russian spirit which, although in a continual state of ferment, is, at the same time, both numbed and repressed, will find the task of directing these natural tendencies a hard one . . . but it has already done wonders and will yet do more. . . .

Lizst averred that he had been very happy at St. Petersburg. A letter from the grand duke Constantine, dated 16th December, 1885, is one of many proofs that his memory was cherished on the banks of the Neva :—

DEAR MASTER, —

The happy news, of which Madame Menter\* is the bearer, of the possibility of your arrival at St. Petersburg, overjoys me. I venture to entreat you to honor with your presence the musical *fête* projected in your honor and for the benefit of our *Conservatoire*, which is to be held in the course of this winter.

I hope that, after a forty years' absence, you will revisit our capital with some amount of pleasure.

It were useless to add that the presence of the eminent musical genius, so universally revered, would be a powerful means of contributing to the lustre of the projected *fête*, and to the immense satisfaction of your zealous admirer,

CONSTANTINE.

*A propos* of the princes of the house of Romanof, Madame Wohl inquired of Lizst, during a dinner party, what manner of men they were. He did not reply immediately, but, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, he took her hand in his and said : "You know, *chère enfant*, there is white, and there is black; there is good, and there is evil, and then . . . there are princes!" But, courtier as he was, princes were not more exempt from the shafts of his humor when they deserved them, or when he thought his dignity as an artist was assailed, than lesser mortals. On the occasion of a party at the Winter Palace, the emperor Nicolas began a conversation with a lady while Lizst was playing. Sud-

denly the virtuoso stopped short and rose from the piano.

The czar, puzzled, approached the master, and inquired of him, —

"Why did you stop playing?"

"When the emperor speaks, others should be silent," was the Macchiavellian reply.

When, thanks to Lizst's munificent contribution of thirty thousand francs, the statue of Beethoven was at last inaugurated at Bonn, King Frederic William entertained a brilliant company at a neighboring royal castle. Queen Victoria with the prince consort were among the illustrious guests; but it so happened that the most "sympathetic sovereign of Europe," as Lizst designated her Majesty, was not so well disposed as usual. An Austrian archduke, who happened to be present, took precedence of Prince Albert, and the queen of England was too young and too passionately attached to her husband to hide the annoyance occasioned by the rigorous etiquette of a German court. On the night of the court concert Lizst had arranged to play a piece with an "Introduction." Queen Victoria arrived late, and did not appear in good spirits. As soon as he had taken his seat at the piano, her Majesty complained of the heat, and a chamberlain flew to open a window. Two minutes later the queen found the draught unendurable. The chamberlain hastened to anticipate her wishes by closing the window. When he had played his "Introduction," instead of striking the opening chords of his piece, the master rose from his seat, bowed, and vanished into the park to smoke a cigar. When he re-entered the concert-room half an hour later, King Frederic William rose to meet him, saying, —

"You ran away just now; what was the matter with you?"

"I feared to inconvenience Queen Victoria while she was giving her orders," replied Lizst.

The king laughed heartily; Lizst continued his performance amidst devout silence.

Neither were "subjects" more fortunate when they attempted to trifle with the majesty of art. Princess Metternich, wife of the famous minister, who hated Lizst for reasons of her own, once ventured to call across her *salon* to him, at Vienna, —

"Doctor, are you doing a good business?"

"Princess," replied the undaunted doctor of music, "it is only bankers and diplomatists who do a good business."

\* Marie Sophie Menter, one of Lizst's favorite pupils, of whom he declared that she was the foremost pianist of her time — *la seule à laquelle j'ai pu apprendre ce qui ne s'apprend pas.*



## V.

"HAD Lizst been more mindful of himself," says his historian regretfully, "he might still have been among us." Yet if he cared not sufficiently for the scabbard that held that precious blade, his soul, this was but a necessary consequence of his power of identifying himself with the interests of others, especially when his and theirs owned a common origin. His peculiar disinterestedness was exemplified by the change in his existence which took place in 1851, when he left Weimar. To the pen of George Eliot we owe an inimitable picture of the luxurious ease and dignity of Lizst's life at the Altenburg, a princely residence the reigning duke had placed at his disposal when Princess Wittgenstein and her daughter, with other members of her family and circle, established themselves in Weimar, the better to sit at the feet of their prophet. This distinguished woman—who in various times and places had the happiness of proving herself the guide, philosopher, and friend of the genius she revered—who was "haughty and not beautiful, but could be amiable when she chose"—presided over the hospitalities of the Altenburg with infinite tact and grace. One can picture the great novelist's delight in the genius, the interesting personality and *entourage* of the great musician, her admiration of his genial wit, his sublime rapt countenance and flowing silver hair, and the pleasurable impression produced on her by the cordiality of her reception. Princess Wittgenstein (who is known to have devoted all the time she could spare from the latter thirty well-filled years of her life to the compilation of a philosophical work) was charmed to meet with George Eliot, and Lizst opined that, despite her ugliness, "Miss Evans had the gift of fascination."

She seemed to absorb all that she saw and heard, like a sponge . . . When she was listening to you, her long uncomely countenance assumed so intense an expression of attention that she became interesting. Madame Sand, on the contrary, was so devoutly collected that she inspired one with eloquence; while Miss Evans's intendment had the effect of putting one on one's guard . . .

While, however, home life at the Altenburg left nothing to be desired, the life of art was undergoing a change. As time wore on, the purse-strings of the court budget were wont to open more easily for the encouragement of painting and of the drama *pur et simple* rather than lyrical.

A cabal, formed by the opponents of Lizst's innovations, decried and annihilated the work of his pupil, Peter Cornelius, so that his opera, "The Barber of Bagdad," despite considerable merit, was a complete *fiasco*. Then the master, who, as conductor of the orchestra of the Court Theatre, had been the means of rescuing from oblivion the works of such men as Berlioz, Schumann, and Schubert, thought that the time had come to tender his resignation. He left for Paris, there to pass a time of rest and quiet with a beloved mother, and afterwards spent a year at Loewenberg as the guest of the prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen. Every chronicle of Lizst's romantic life abounds with evidences of the involuntary and magnetic fascination he exercised over women. Even at Loewenberg it appears that these "asteroids did not fail to gravitate towards their sun." One morning, while working in the spacious apartments allotted to him at Loewenberg, a card bearing an unknown superscription was handed to him. It was followed speedily by the appearance of a handsome young Englishman, whose countenance was more familiar to his host than the name on his card. While Lizst probed his memory, the young man approached, and opening his lips, betrayed the well-known accents of a voice famous in vocal annals.

"What are you here for? Are you flying from your husband?" queried the master, amazed and puzzled at *her* appearance.

By this time she had thrown herself into an armchair, whence rang peal upon peal of merry laughter.

"A pretty reception," she said, when she regained her utterance, "and worthy of the risk I run!"

"This is ruin to you," said Lizst.

But she ran to the piano and exclaimed, while she struck the opening bars of a *ritornello*,—

"I am your pupil; isn't that as clear as day?" and then a *roulade*, that might have raised the roof, filled the room with melodious echoes.

"Be silent, for God's sake! The house is full of visitors; some one will come hither and recognize you!"

"Me? Henri d'Anglay?" she replied, twisting a moustache that was not there. "Well, I shall congratulate them if they *do* recognize him, they might see worse-looking people!"

"Let us talk sense," said Lizst, with growing anxiety, "and tell me what brings you here."

She was a singer of European fame and unblemished reputation, watched over not only by a jealous husband, but by a maniacal admirer, whose name was on every lip, and whose madness consisted in hoping that he would end by discovering, at least, if not a flaw in her blameless conduct, an indiscretion that would place her at his mercy. This fact was so well known that Lizst trembled for her safety. She had arrived from a neighboring watering-place, and was as innocent as she was unsuspicious of evil. He convinced her that her disguise was ill-advised, and after a *tête-à-tête* breakfast, persuaded her to return whence she came before there was a chance of her being recognized. She made him promise to go and see her; but Lizst, with his innate dislike to anything that approached melodrama, refrained from so doing. Two years later, while he was leading a hermit's life at Monte-Mario, she reappeared in the same manner, and sang to him his own "Ave Maria." "*De façon à damner un saint*," he said; "it will never be sung like that again."

"Was it Malibran?" queried feminine curiosity.

"Malibran, indeed! she was dead."

"Jenny Lind, then?"

"Still more dead for me, for I never had the honor of her especial favor. *She*, to whom I refer, was a child's soul in woman's garb—an angelic purity!"

"And afterwards what became of her?"

"She died," said the abbé, with unwonted emotion.

The name of the ladies, who, more or less, *en tout bien, tout honneur*, grouped themselves round the great man's chariot-wheels, is legion.

"The restless soul of this strange being," says Madame Wohl, "was ever in search of the ideal we call happiness, that is to say, of the unattainable; in the heart of woman, on the heights of art, in the mystic gloom of churches. . . . What were those struggles that preceded the quiet monastic calm he often sought within monastic walls? Was he flying from himself, or from others?"

The compiler of these "Souvenirs," with a filial fanaticism that is both whimsical and touching, avers that Lizst was not adapted for family life, because "his hearth was the world; altars were dedicated to him wheresoever he trod, and the incense that was burned before him blinded him to the charms of home life." Lizst's view of the subject was naturally a more virile one. "We must never," he said, "allow ourselves to be dragged along

by the current. The soul of the artist should be as the solitary rock; surrounded, sometimes submerged, by the waters, but immovable. Only thus may he hope to retain his originality, and to rescue from amid the tempests of life the ideal he has in view."

Madame d'Agoult, in the zenith of her brilliant beauty, her mind steeped with the sophisms of the romanticism that was in vogue in her time, chose to pose as Lizst's Egeria; and one day, in his presence, compared herself to Beatrix, and dilated on the ennobling influence of woman. Lizst exclaimed sharply, in the presence of Louis de Ronchard, "You are mistaken, it is the Dantes who create the Beatrices; the real Beatrices die at eighteen, and nothing is ever heard of them."

When the headstrong folly, of which Lizst was rather the victim than the initiator, had separated the brilliant *mondaine* from her family and her world, it was Lizst who persuaded her to try to fill the void in her existence by literature. Her first attempt was "prettily written, full of *esprit* and grace." But the glory of George Sand cost the Comtesse d'Agoult many a bitter tear. It deprived her of sleep, and Daniel Stern would never have arisen had it not been for the existence of George Sand, "which would have been a pity," said Lizst. Madame d'Agoult contrived to make a breach between her literary rival\* and Lizst, and attempted to create one between the latter and Balzac. After the publication of "Beatrix, ou les Amours Forcés," Madame d'Agoult, deluged in tears, reproached Lizst with his "dreadful friends." "Here is Balzac," she said, "writing a novel about me, crying me down, and making me ridiculous for all time. It is an infamous thing, an abomination; you must call him to account. Your honor as well as mine is at stake." Lizst did not believe in any reference to himself, and was as disinclined to cut Balzac's throat as to assume the responsibility of Madame d'Agoult's conduct. He therefore asked the afflicted one if "her name was to be found in the book, or her address, with the number of her door?" "No." "Then why these tears? By what right do you assume that you are attacked?" "You have but to read the infamous book. See how I am treated. What an insolent skit on my person and my life!" "*Que celui qui est morveux se mouche*. Let him whom the cap fits wear it. If you keep silent, not

\* George Sand.

even your best friends — supposing you have any left — will give it a thought. What a mistake it would be to call attention to yourself by a quarrel with a novelist! That would be a recognition of the faithfulness of the supposed portrait. I mean to do better than that; I will make you both acquainted." So Balzac was invited to meet the future Daniel Stern at a little dinner at a restaurant she consented to grace. He talked, with even more than his usual charm, for three hours at a stretch, and Madame d'Agoult's anger melted like summer snows — she could even forgive him for choosing his subjects where he happened to light upon them. Lizst, who, when asked if he had written his life, replied gravely that "it had been enough to live it," had the same reason for not reading novels; he lived a perpetual romance, but he made an exception in favor of the bone of contention. A glance at the incriminated book provoked his admiration of the intuitiveness peculiar to the genius of Balzac. To cite his own words: —

Madame de Rochfide is a portrait by a master hand. It is so minute a photography that I — who thought I knew by heart a woman who sought notoriety as others shrink from it — I was dumbfounded, and felt that I knew her better after the perusal of this wonderful book. Madame d'Agoult was the most learned woman in all that appertained to the toilet, whom I have ever met; Balzac had taken note of that characteristic trait. She was hurt, because she wished to be taken seriously, both as an Egeria and an *esprit fort*. But after she had made the acquaintance of Balzac, she unbent so far as to feel flattered at having served as a model for a masterpiece.

It is significant of the impression left on Lizst by certain chapters of his life, that being asked what he thought of the movement that tended to emancipate the Roman Catholic clergy of their vows of celibacy, he replied, after an eloquent pause: "Gregory VII. was a great philanthropist."

#### VI.

FROM the time that the eyes of the "old lion" began to fail him, Madame Wohl acted as his secretary. Strange missives of adulation and invitation pursued him from every quarter of the globe; letters begging for autographs were so frequent that he was obliged to publish a notice in the newspapers to the effect that he could no longer accede to the demands on his pen. Demands on his purse were even more numerous, but his charity was inex-

haustible, "for his heart, like a church, was open to all humanity."

But wide as were the sympathies of this cosmopolitan *par excellence*, Lizst may be accounted a better patriot than many a brilliant Hungarian orator, if facts count more than words, although he has been taunted with ignorance of his native tongue. He was born on 22nd October, 1811, in the town of Raiding, the capital of a province in which the German element has ever predominated. Yet, although the circumstances of his education had alienated him from his native soil, his love for his country was never weakened, and he strove to assimilate himself to his people. He tried repeatedly to learn Hungarian, but in vain, for to the European philologist this idiom presents as many difficulties as its kindred Eastern tongues. Lizst could not speak the language of his forefathers, but he could hear, and thrill in response to, the cry of national distress, which summoned him from rest at Venice to work on behalf of the ill-fated Danubian districts that had been submerged by the terrible inundations of 1837.

Oh! my wild and far-off country [he wrote about this time to a friend], my beloved and unknown friends, my great, my noble family. Thy cry of agony has recalled me to thee, and, pierced to the heart by thy voice, I lowly bend my head, shamed that I can so long have forgotten thee.

Ten concerts given in Vienna resulted in a golden harvest for the relief fund. This was the beginning of an uninterrupted series of benefits he conferred on Hungary. He not only gave lavishly every time he returned thither, but he opened his door, his arms, and his purse to his compatriots, wheresoever he encountered them.

The "Rapsodies Hongroises" [says Madame Wohl] bring Hungary before us under her martial, as well as her lyric, aspect; her sufferings, her hopes, her mighty spirit, all that goes to form the basis of a temperament which, being at the same time supine, heedless and fantastic, eludes analysis. . . . The "Rapsodies" find an echo all the world over. . . . But those who have not heard them played by Lizst himself can form no conception of their true value, or of the magical power they possess. . . . The fire and the sweetness of Tokai wine are inherent in those languorous *melopées*, in their bold and electric rhythm. . . . The melodies culled haphazard from the national lyre unroll the whole scale of its sentiment — meditation, sorrows of love, sad joys of community of misfortune, yearnings of the patriot, a despair which is but

another name for the nostalgia of liberty, implanted in the heart of a people who have bled for years in slavery. . . . Then, by degrees, the rhythm quickens, it becomes sudden, rugged and abrupt, but is ever of an intoxicating melody. . . . Gaiety takes the lead, contagious fire thrills the dancers, they seek and flee, they grasp and elude each other; delirium seizes upon the feverish souls that are drawn into the whirlwind of the mad, delicious music, . . . a delirium which culminates in the wild cry of fury and delight that breaks forth now and again from the lips of the dancer, be he either prince or peasant, . . . a shrill note of passionate vibration that, like the sound of a fanfare, electrifies the masses.

When the Magyar people heard those strains, they must have felt that the artist was verily blood of their blood, and that, although his lips did not speak their language, from his soul came its divinest accents. Liszt's scope was too wide and all-embracing for his patriotism to exclude humanitarianism, or rather, his humanitarianism included patriotism. The peculiar national inspiration of a certain portion of his work, while it endows it for us aliens with an exquisite and exotic charm, but marks it as an especial chapter in a great whole. Liszt's work (we do not merely refer to the seven hundred and more compositions to which a discerning posterity may either concede or refuse the dignity of being written for all time) — Liszt's work in its entirety belongs to civilized humanity. Peradventure he may never again, as a composer, be interpreted by an executant of his own calibre, for "now I say," as said Sir Ector to dead Launcelot, "thou wert never matched of earthly knight's hand." His claim to immortality is writ in the musical history of our century, in his nobly wielded influence on its development, in his never-ceasing effort for the best and highest.

PAUL SYLVESTER.

From The Westminster Review.  
COUNT CAVOUR.\*

To the utopian dreamer, Cavour would be a materialistic worshipper of facts averse to liberty; to a devout believer in the sacredness of the temporal power of the pope, he would be a sacrilegious and

unscrupulous spoliator; while to genuine Liberals he is and must always remain a truly great statesman whose slight blemishes of character cannot dim the lustre of his genius or sully the purity of his patriotism. So when that intelligent person known as "the general reader" asks for a book about Cavour, he can make sure of getting what he wants for his money by first finding out the author's bias. Then he will feel like the good Whig in "Obiter Dicta" who sits down to his Macaulay comfortably, knowing the Tories are going to have a time of it.

But if biographers — particularly biographers who have taken part in the struggles they describe, and are still throbbing with the excitement of the affray — are generally hero-worshippers or iconoclasts, there is no reason why the historian, viewing the conflict at a certain distance of time, should not rise above party prejudices, and tell the unvarnished truth as far as his knowledge and insight permit. Such an historian of modern Italy has not yet presented himself. It is little more than a quarter of a century since the great founder of Italian independence was called away in the heat of the conflict; but nothing that rises to the dignity of history has yet been written on the life and times of Camillo Cavour.

We are far from undervaluing the many contributions to the general sum of knowledge on this important and interesting subject. There is life-color and reality in the narratives of the men who have had personal intercourse with this celebrated character. A little anecdote of familiar conversation when all ceremony is laid aside brings his portrait more vividly before us than will pages of analytical description by a cold-blooded critic of a later date. In these narratives we see the living Cavour before us in secret conference with his colleagues, rubbing his hands with a smile of conscious strength, or holding forth in the Chamber with good-humored irony or passionate declamation. The cold-blooded critic, however, has his uses, and it will be the duty of that impartial personage to winnow these narratives, as well as to search the lives and correspondence of Cavour's contemporaries which throw side lights on his personality. But he will find his best and most reliable source of information for every occurrence in his history, and also for the study of his character, in his vast correspondence. Up to the present, many incidents of his life were shrouded in darkness or but partially revealed; it

\* *Lettere inedite e edite di C. Cavour.* Raccolte e illustrate da Luigi Chiala. Five vols. *Lettere inedite di Massimo d'Azeglio a suo nipote il Marchese Emanuele d'Azeglio.* *L'idea Italiana nella soppressione del Potere Temporale.* Pantaleoni. *Il Conte di Cavour avanti 1843.* Berti.

is only now we have a full collection of the productions of that wonderful letter-writer, who sometimes penned thirty-five epistles in the day. The correspondence, with the long biographical introduction, makes five quarto volumes. This of course does not include all the letters extant written by Cavour. Some friends refuse to yield their treasures to the public eye; and some letters, the editor, using a wise discretion, chose to suppress wholly or in part; not — he is careful to inform us — because they could hurt the count's reputation, but because his cutting criticisms, often hastily penned in moments of extreme irritation, might hurt the feelings of some living persons.

In this correspondence of varied interests, as the writer's life was varied and full of interest, his character and history are told. In those hastily written confidential letters to friends, colleagues, subordinates, *protégés*, we see the true reflection of Camillo Cavour in all the changing moods of his complex nature, which was inscrutable to the outer world. He was enthusiastic, yet calculating; frank and confiding, yet shrewd, and at times suspicious; warm-hearted and benevolent, but sarcastic and severe; courteous and amiable, but subject, occasionally, to violent gusts of temper; bold and fearless sometimes, sometimes cautious.

"You have all the qualities of a great statesman," said Manzoni; "you are generally prudent, but at need you can be *imprudent*." His deep-rooted faith in political freedom, his contempt for martial law and all arbitrary modes of ruling, were in a sense contradicted by his determination that his influence should be paramount in the Cabinet even as a subordinate.

"With this little man I do like Louis Philippe: I reign but do not govern," said the premier. Yet, when at the head of affairs and urged by a friend to assume more authority in a difficult crisis, he replied: "I have no faith in dictatorships; I am the son of Liberty; to her I owe everything that I am." Accompanied by such commanding abilities, his self-confidence and decision were helpful rather than hurtful to the public weal. If it were a fault, —

We cannot wish the fault undone,  
The issue being so proper.

The accusation from which Cavour's reputation has suffered most was duplicity. He was said to be an untrustworthy schemer, intriguing to hatch conspiracies

in neighboring States with which Piedmont pretended to be on amicable terms. We have heard innumerable denials of friends, assertions of enemies, explanations and proofs — which were sometimes like the proofs of the identity of Jack Cade's father, the bricklayer, with the Earl of March's son: "Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive to prove it — so deny it not!"

This sort of controversy continued after the stirring events which had called forth such excitement had become a part of history. But at last, the smoke of battle being dispersed, the atmosphere has become more clear; a spirit of historic investigation has begun to be applied in the later works on the revolution, and the correspondence of the chief actors in it is being given to the public. Now, at last, we know the particulars of the secret negotiations with the other governments, the working of the national party throughout the peninsula, the dissensions in the Liberal camp; and the full extent of Cavour's sins in all these transactions, as related by honest opponents like Guerzoni, honest adherents like Chiala, and, better than all, in the letters of the honest statesman himself, who, however diplomatic with enemies, concealed nothing from his friends and partisans. "I frankly confess," he said, in that light humorous vein which often relieved him when he was weighted with care — "I frankly confess that I am less scrupulous than you (in political matters); and though I have a right to jeopardize my own soul for the sake of my country, I know I have not an equal right to drag the souls of my friends to perdition along with me."

It is not without an effort that a biographer can conquer his natural instinct of tenderness for the reputation of his dead hero. The characters traced by the hand now cold, no longer able to defend its owner from unjust aspersions, make a mute appeal to the heart of the writer and rouse his chivalrous sentiments. This being the natural state of the biographical mind, Cav. Chiala deserves credit for his mode of treating the man of his own party and his own time. Having compared his narrative with those of others unfriendly to Cavour — as, for instance, Guerzoni's able "Life of Garibaldi" — we do not find any discrepancy as to *facts*.

Indeed, as we have already remarked, Cavour's own letters are his best witness; they lay bare his soul in all its greatness and weakness, and we rejoice to



find that our estimate of him was a true one; his nobility far outbalances his defects. His objects were great and his motives pure, so that even when he errs he holds the reader's sympathy more strongly perhaps than if he were a more circumspect man careful of his reputation. "I shall lose all my popularity in Piedmont," he said sadly when he had signed the secret treaty for the cession of Nice and Savoy; and he confessed with a charming frankness that his popularity was dear to him. On another critical occasion, when he exclaimed: "Perish my name, perish my fame, so that Italy be made!" we feel that the cry must have come from the depth of his passionate heart, and sent a thrill of electric fire to the hearts of those who were in sympathy with him.

It must be conceded that political honor and private honor did not mean one and the same thing to Cavour as to Azeglio. Though in private dealings scrupulously upright and delicate, regardless of all personal interests where the interest of the State was concerned, he practised diplomatic arts with the representatives of the tyrannic governments whose principles were hostile to his, and who he knew were laboring to overthrow him and his principles. He received and welcomed the fugitives, good and bad, from those countries; and, to carry out the aims he had in view, he tolerated and made use of persons whose characters he despised; he gave secret countenance to the revolutionary movements in the States of the Church and the kingdom of Naples while still at peace with those governments. This is a true bill, but there are extenuating circumstances; how far those circumstances justified Cavour is a question for every reader to decide for himself after he has examined the evidence, which cannot be fairly summed up in a brief notice. We cannot forbear remarking, however, that though a rigid moralist like Massimo d'Azeglio might condemn him, the charge of doubletiness from the Papal and Neapolitan courts is exceedingly amusing. We have ample proof that Cavour had not at first aimed at the overthrow of the petty princes, much less of the Papal power; he desired a league or federation, for the expulsion of the foreigner, and the granting of liberal constitutions such as Piedmont enjoyed. By degrees he became convinced of the impossibility of any such arrangement. The tyranny which those princes practised on their own subjects, and their unscrupulous intrigues for the destruction of liberty

in his country, induced him to adopt their own weapons to foil them. That a noble gentleman should have entered into such a contest may be a matter of regret, but the trickster whom he has outmanœuvred has surely no right to complain. The peace between Piedmont and Naples at the time of the Garibaldian descent on Sicily was a hollow mockery; the relations were "strained" to the utmost; and the Neapolitan minister at Turin was regarded simply as a spy. Cavour's honest nature revolted at the rôle he had to play in the negotiations at that time, a rôle forced upon him by the great powers who would not hear of his breaking the peace of Europe, and for whatever insincerities entered into those transactions they were to blame. "I have all the diplomatic corps down upon me, Hudson excepted," he wrote at this juncture. And even England, who applauded Garibaldi and sent him aid with her left hand, with her powerful right held Cavour back from giving legitimate assistance to his distressed countrymen in the south.

Cavour has some points of resemblance to Lord Palmerston, for whom he had a warm admiration. In his great physical strength, animal spirits, sociability, hopefulness, a courage which rose to meet any difficulty, a just estimate of other men's merits, and an absence of all political rancor, he recalls the English statesman. He could hit hard and unsparingly in the fight, but he never pressed a vanquished adversary or bore ill-will for any length of time. When he had given offence he was in haste to apologize, and to forgive if he were offended or injured. He possessed, in fact, that generosity, mixed with a vein of tenderness, which belongs to a very strong manly character.

Camillo Benso, second son of the Marquis Cavour, was born August 10, 1810, of an ancient Piedmontese family on the father's side, while on the mother's side he had French Huguenot blood in his veins. In 1820 he entered the Military Academy, where he passed some years of his boyhood, in which he showed no great inclination for study, save only for mathematics, for which he evinced a real talent. The Marquis Cavour wished to place his son at court as a page, and Prince Carlo Alberto said he was most anxious to have about him this "charming Camillo, who gave so much promise for the future." But the pleasure was not mutual. The boy's independent, indomitable nature was ill adapted for a courtier's office; notwithstanding the affection which his royal

master bestowed on him, he felt it to be a gilded slavery, and in after years he said he blushed at the recollection. He leaped for joy when released from this position, and presented with a commission in the army. But even at this early age, while dancing the merry hours away, he felt deeply the miserable state of his country, "oppressed by civil and religious despotism," as he says in one of his melancholy letters to a friend. His day-dreams all pointed to the regeneration of Italy. A few years later he alluded to them thus:—

At the risk of making you laugh at me, I will confess that there was a time when I thought there was nothing beyond my capacity; and I should have thought it quite natural if I had awoke some fine morning and found myself Prime Minister of the kingdom of Italy.

He had reached the mature age of twenty-two when he thus ridiculed his boyish ambition. A high-born democrat was in those days considered a dangerous phenomenon, and the young officer was transferred from his pleasant quarters in Genoa to a dismal little village in the Val d' Aosta, where he had no sort of occupation but drilling. This was more than the vivacious Camillo, eager for knowledge, could long support, and he entreated his father to procure his dismissal from the service in 1831. Henceforth amusements occupied a small place in his life, and he began to study with that intensity and perseverance which characterized him. Mathematics, political economy, and history were his favorite pursuits. Everything practical and useful attracted his attention, and he put away the foolish dreams which had hitherto dazzled his sanguine imagination.

"But I will always remain faithful to my Liberal ideas," he wrote. "I will sustain them, from my love of truth and sympathy with humanity. These ideas are part of my very existence." Requiring some more outlet for his energies than study afforded, and finding all public employments blocked to him because of his advanced opinions, he took charge of a family estate and devoted himself to agriculture. The knowledge thus acquired enabled him largely to increase his private fortune, and served him well when he became minister of agriculture and commerce. But unflagging industry indoors and out-of-doors could not quell the restlessness of a spirit craving some higher destiny. "And I alas! obscure citizen of Piedmont, have done nothing to make me known beyond the village of which I am syndic."

Oppressed by the narrowness and deadness of his little country, he used to refresh himself by an occasional "bath of liberty" in Switzerland and France. But he always carried his books with him, and studied unceasingly. To an influential friend in Paris, who wished him to settle there, he replied:—

No, madame, I cannot plunge a dagger in the bosom of my parents, and I never will quit them till the grave separates us. And why, madame, should I come to France, to seek a reputation in letters? . . . What good could I do here for humanity or my country? . . . No, it is not in flying from one's country, however unfortunate, that one can attain a glorious career. Cursed be he who abandons and misprizes the land that gave him birth, who disowns his brothers as unworthy of him! As for me, I am resolved never to separate my fate from the Piedmontese. Happy or unhappy, my country shall have all my life, and to her I shall never be unfaithful, even if I were sure of finding elsewhere a brilliant destiny.

This letter was written when Cavour was twenty-five, when the condition of Italy hardly presented a shadow of light to brighten its dark horizon. It is interesting, not only for the spirit of devotion to family and country which it breathes, but the sense of latent power which one day might be brought into the service of the nation. It is not unfrequently said that great men dislike and despise their own form of greatness, and would rather be somebody else. Carlyle scorned the reading public, thought a bridge more valuable than a thousand books, and loved and honored fighting men. A witty writer has recently remarked that if he had had the shaping of his own destiny, we should have had blows from him instead of books. Now, Cavour was one of those great men who knew the quality of his genius and was content with it. He felt he was born for public life, and could not be enticed into the flowery paths of literature. "I have no imagination; I never could invent a fable to amuse a child." But he had imagination for all that, else he could not have seen to the heart of things as he did. Were not the destinies of Italy shaped in his glowing imagination before the splendid dream was translated into a reality? In the same letter from which we have already quoted he says:—

I love the moral sciences; I love them with passion. But do you believe that I could cultivate them in Paris? I think not. On the contrary, it seems to me that this factitious society is an environment little adapted

to those who wish to study the laws of humanity. Great philosophers, great moralists, celebrated economists, have not lived in great capitals. They have labored in the silence of obscure retreats, and from thence the fountains of their genius have thrown their jets upon the world.

The man who could write thus in the springtime of his joyous youth was not likely ever to make a fiasco or mistake his path. To be a literary lion in the Parisian salons was not the rôle for Camillo Cavour. But before retiring once more to his obscure retreat, his fields and mills, he paid a visit to England in company with a friend. This trip gave him immense pleasure. The life and movement, the prosperity and progress of this country, delighted him. His eager mind was always in search of new ideas, and he was never so happy as when learning something useful. So while the sentimental Santa Rosa studied the English poets, Cavour visited railways, docks, banks, workhouses, prisons, and cultivated the acquaintance of political economists. His rare intelligence, genial manners, vivacity, humor, and his interest in everything, charmed his English friends; and he was invited to various parts, where he had an opportunity of admiring our country in her softer and more poetic aspect; and though a man of facts and figures, he was keenly alive to the beauties of nature. The sympathy and respect for England then generated never became less in after life. She was always to him the home of constitutional liberty, the great model on which he wished to form his own nation.

On Cavour's return home he wrote an article on English taxation, which attracted general attention, and henceforth everything from his pen was eagerly welcomed; but he only wrote when he had some information to impart on a subject that especially interested him. Unlike Italian men of letters generally, he thought much more of the substance than the form of his compositions. In French, he wrote with equal ease and vigor as in his own language. His style was unpolished, but informed by such a mind it could not be other than natural, concise, and lucid. Massari relates that once on a grand occasion he asked him to revise the king's speech. It was that famous one with the *grido di dolore* which thrilled the Parliament like an electric shock, and brought down thunders of applause and passionate tears of joy and gratitude.

In 1847 Cavour became director of a journal bearing the significant title of

*Risorgimento*. He was in communication with the Moderate party throughout Italy, a party which owed its origin chiefly to Massimo d'Azeglio, and which had for its fundamental principle an absolute publicity — the leaders having an utter abhorrence of all the machinery of secret societies, and desiring only to reform, not overturn, the governments. This did not suit the very advanced Liberals who had been bred in the Mazzinian school, and they distrusted Cavour as only a sort of make-believe reformer, whose "patrician instincts" were all against liberty. He was out of favor at court as a "despiser of monarchical institutions," and his sovereign called him the most dangerous man in the kingdom.

In the general crash of thrones for which the nation was preparing, Cavour, like Azeglio, had still enough of the old spirit of the Piedmontese nobility to cling to the Casa Savoia and make it an anchor of salvation for Italy. This cold, impersonal loyalty, in which he never faltered, did not commend itself to Carlo Alberto, who paid little attention to Cavour's earnest entreaties at the time of the rising in Milan to declare immediate war against Austria. Between the campaign of 1848 and the disastrous battle of Novara in March, 1849, our hero entered Parliament and made his maiden speech. He was not a born orator, but he studied the art of speaking with great success. He had natural advantages as a debater, being cool, witty, quick at repartee, self-confident, and gifted with an excellent memory.

In 1850 Cavour became minister of agriculture and commerce, almost contrary to the wishes of the young king, who was a little afraid of his Radicalism. To Larmora belongs the credit of having introduced him into the Cabinet in spite of the prejudices of the sovereign and the premier. "Camillo," he said to his chief, "is a *buon diavolo*, and working with us he will learn moderation." To Victor Emmanuel's remark that he would turn them all out of office, he replied that that was of no consequence, but it was very important to bring such an able man into the public service.\* Henceforth Cavour was the ruling spirit of the cabinet; and, in his eagerness to advance at a more rapid pace than his cautious chief, he undoubtedly gave Azeglio some cause for complaint. But though they quarrelled frequently, they had a mutual esteem and affection for each other which lasted to

\* Massari.

the end. "The impious rival," as Azeglio playfully called Cavour, never hesitated to appeal to his former chief in any difficult circumstance, and never appealed in vain.

"Foreign diplomacy required that I should be sacrificed. Azeglio, I believe, would have willingly retired, but I dissuaded him to the best of my ability. So he has remained and I have gone out, without, however, ceasing to be personal and political friends. In his turn Azeglio will have to go out, and then we can form a ministry frankly Liberal."

Consoling himself with this happy prospect, he once more betook himself to the land he loved next to his own. On Cavour's return from England, Azeglio sent in his resignation, advising the king to call his rival. Cavour refused to take office as long as the king insisted on conciliation towards the Vatican, and it was only when the Extreme Right failed to form a ministry that he was recalled and accepted on his own terms. This wise delay gave him a strong position at starting which he was able to hold, with a brief interruption of a few months, to the end of his life—a period of nine years. In the course of that time there occurred disagreements and crises; but Cavour always stood resolute and pursued his own fixed policy. If a colleague did not suit him, he removed him to some other department, or sent him into repose with a "ribbon to stick on his coat." He would not be balked even by the strong-willed and sensible king whom he loved. Deferential and courtly in manners, but firm in purpose, he resorted in extreme cases to resignation. For example: "On no condition should you send X. I could not tolerate him. Say so to his Majesty in the most respectful terms. . . . *I will make it a ministerial question.*"

In the question of the Crimean war we see the same all-powerful will dominating the Cabinet, every member of which was opposed to him—the king alone on his side. The opposition was ferocious against the Anglo-French alliance. But, in spite of all, he carried his purpose with the loss of one colleague only, convincing the rest with his masterly reasoning, eloquence, and passion. It seemed as if a lightning flash from heaven, visible to him alone, illumined a page of future history. What terrible anxieties he suffered—he, the responsible author of the alliance—when the soldiers were carried off in hundreds by cholera before engaging the enemy, and the commander wrote, "If I

had advised this expedition I should die of remorse," may be imagined.\* But he never lost courage or self-command, and it is only by his boundless joy and enthusiasm over the battle of Tchernaya that we can see the depth of the trouble out of which he had emerged. After this came the Paris Conference, when Cavour exhausted himself in working up the Italian question, and enlisting the sympathies of Europe in preparation for the approaching war of independence.

There is no doubt that he would have preferred the help of England rather than that of Napoleon III. He accepted the latter because he had no choice; and he promised the cession of Nice and Savoy for the same reason. It was a *sine quâ non* condition of the alliance. In this and in all negotiations he got all that genius, patriotism, and unwearied perseverance could obtain for his country. He might well silence his captious critics, who said he ought to be impeached, by pointing to the liberated provinces, and reminding them that all their plots and conspiracies had never succeeded in enfranchising one rood of Italian soil. And to the English minister's friendly protest he might not unfairly have replied: "If England had been as generous with aid as she is with advice, we should not be forced to make this sacrifice."

The correspondence of the last two years of the count's stirring career—when the exciting drama so long in preparation was boldly enacted before Europe, the peoples applauding and the governments condemning—reads like a thrilling romance. Cavour, who sometimes held three portfolios at once, was terribly overworked, and the constant strain told even upon his iron nerves. His letters are sometimes severe and irritable, sometimes apologetic, but more frequently pleasant, businesslike, kindly. Through all the varying moods of the writer we trace a buoyant sunny nature, and an immutable will fixed on the attainment of one object. The repeated victories of the Allies in 1859 had gradually raised his spirits to a point of exultation, when he received a telegram from Lamarmora which froze his blood: "The armistice is being concluded at this moment at Villafranca."

In a state of indescribable agitation he set out to headquarters and tried to break off the negotiations, but in vain. The excitement and grief made him so ill, that his friends were startled at his appear-

\* Alleanza della Crimea (Chiala).

ance when he returned to Turin. Yet he was able to play his part decently on the entry of the sovereigns into the capital before retiring to Switzerland to hide his mortification. Nothing can be more absolutely groundless than the assertion of some English writers that Cavour and Victor Emmanuel were then playing a clever part and were in secret correspondence. Their quarrel was very real, and deeply felt by both king and minister.

Cavour announced to his friends in London and Paris that they must consider him dead and buried to public life. But this sort of suicide was impossible to him. In vain he tried to find solace in "the best refuge of disappointed politicians — agriculture." He was painfully alive, and every fibre of his being throbbled responsively to the agitated heart-beats of the nation in her convulsive efforts to break her bonds. It was six months of torture to him, and he worried the ministers with so much advice that they were glad to retire and give place to him. It was a position which seemed to present overwhelming difficulties. Like the Six Hundred he was stormed at on all sides, but it only nerved his dauntless spirit to fresh courage and energy as he dashed off defiant or soothing despatches in every direction.

"We will not disarm!" — "Nothing but great armies shall arrest our progress."

Cavour had a giant's strength, but he abused it, particularly the last few months, when the work and the excitement increased each day. His heart was set on the Imperial City. He desired it with an intensity not inferior to that of Garibaldi, though he worked in a different way. It was "*O Roma! O morte!*" with both, and it happened that the reckless soldier survived all his rash attempts, and the wise statesman found death. The last year of his life, the multifarious duties of his office weighed heavily upon him. To keep the powers in good humor; to pacify, convince, or checkmate foreign ministers; to circumvent the intrigues of enemies; to make use of Garibaldi and hold him in restraint; to guide the revolution in all the provinces, rebuke the over-bold, encourage the faint-hearted, — all this was no easy task when it rained letters and telegrams from all points of the compass, and each day brought him some startling news of good or evil import which called for immediate action. He lived every minute of his life, and crowded as much experience into one year as some statesmen might spread over ten.

Though Cavour, after he became minister, lived alone for the State and had little of what is called private life, the man himself, in his relations with family and friends, is so interesting that it would take a long article to do justice to this side of his character; and we must for the present leave the attractive theme untouched. Indeed, his future biographer will suffer from an embarrassment of riches on all points of his subject, for the family have at last yielded to the public not only his correspondence with his closest connections, but the private journal in which the young count recorded the sad story of his unhappy love, which made such a lasting impression on him.

It was the Roman question that killed him. We have abundant proofs that Cavour, in the last three months of his life, had conducted the negotiations with the Vatican to an almost successful issue; and if he had not been so suddenly cut off there is little doubt that Victor Emmanuel would have speedily and peacefully entered Rome instead of taking it by storm after ten turbulent years.\* Now we know all the dark intrigues supposed to be practised by the Sardinian minister to undermine the Papacy, and after a careful perusal of the story we rise with the conviction that in no transaction of his life was he more straightforward, just, and true; while the dark intrigues were freely practised by his adversaries. For instance: important despatches entrusted to the care of a monk to be conveyed to Dr. Pantaleoni, the semi-official envoy of Victor Emmanuel at Rome, were not received by him. To work on Pius IX.'s nervous and timid nature delay was precious, and the monk was turned aside on his journey and sent to Naples, carrying with him the documents on which so much depended. Antonelli had triumphed for the moment, but if Cavour had lived he would have foiled his wily enemy, as we may imagine by the last letter he penned on the day he was seized by the fatal malady which ended his life — a malady which was simply the result of an overtaxed brain and nervous system.

When the supreme mandate came, and he knew he was called on to lay down his arms and quit his post, he calmly let go his hold on the life he loved, and faced death with the manly courage with which he had met every earthly danger. "Let the good people of Turin know that I die

\* See Pantaleoni: *L'idea Italiana*, etc. Curci: *Il Vaticano Regio*, etc.



a Christian. I am perfectly happy, for I never wilfully injured any one."

But though resigned to the divine decree, the master passion of his life — *amor della patria* — was extinguished only with life itself. He talked of public affairs to the last day, and only a few hours before his departure he took an affectionate leave of Victor Emmanuel, who was speechless with grief. At the dawn of a June morning, when he felt the darkness of death descending upon him, he pressed his confessor's hand and murmured: "Libera Chiesa in libero Stato."

His death fell like a thunderbolt on the awestruck nation whose hopes were centred in him. The king cried out: "Better for Italy if it were I!"

Azeglio wept hopelessly for days for the loss of his rival. Pius IX., who in the depth of his Italian heart secretly admired him, was deeply agitated at the news, and as he paced up and down his room exclaimed: "But how he loved Italy — this Cavour!"

Yes, he loved Italy. His genius, great as it was, would have been powerless to accomplish the unity against such terrible odds if the passionate fervor of his love had not communicated itself like electric fire to his countrymen. "Feelings have nothing to do with politics," said Prince Bismarck, and this may be true of his world of politics. But feeling was the main factor in the work of Italian independence. The Italians are, what Mr. Ruskin says of the Irish, "an affectionate people, who cannot be governed by heartless persons on scientific principles." It was warmth of feeling, not statecraft, which enabled Cavour and his king to accomplish what they did. Cavour's *buon cuore* as much as his services has endeared him to the nation, and by it he was enabled to exercise such a powerful, and we believe lasting, influence on modern Italy.

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From Nature.

#### PERPETUAL MOTION.\*

If we study the past in order to trace the development of machines, we cannot help being astonished at the long centuries during which man was content to employ only his own muscular effort and that of animals, instead of utilizing the other

forces of nature to do his work; for it is a striking fact that it is during little more than the last quarter of a century that the power of the steam-engine has in the aggregate become twice as great as that of the whole working population of the world.

Although the early history of the subject is shrouded in obscurity, there is little doubt that the power of water was the first to be employed. We can easily imagine that, in those early days when the laws of nature were so little understood, the idea would arise that, if some machine could be contrived which would not get tired like man or animal, as machines appeared to do when left to themselves, and, moreover, one which did not depend upon a capricious and variable supply of water, such a machine would go on forever — in short, would have perpetual motion. As a matter of fact, Geiger, the German philologist, has adduced strong grounds for believing the Buddhist praying-wheels — on which the prayers of the worshippers were fastened, and which were turned by water-power — to be probably the first kind of water motor; and at the same time the first record of a proposal for a perpetual-motion machine appears to be in the "Siddhānta Ciromani," a Sanskrit textbook on astronomy, in which a wheel for this purpose is suggested, having a number of closed equidistant holes half filled with mercury upon a zigzag line round its rim. No doubt other suggestions of this kind were made from time to time, but writers and literary men did not condescend to notice them, or even the progress of the really practical and useful machines. We are thus brought from that distant date down to the thirteenth century, when we find in the sketch-book of an architect, Wilars de Honecort (the original being now in the Ecole des Chartres, at Paris), a drawing of a proposed perpetual-motion machine, with the statement which, translated, runs: "Many a time have skilful workmen tried to contrive a wheel that shall turn of itself; here is a way to make such by means of an uneven number of mallets or by quicksilver." The engraving shows four mallets upon what is evidently meant to be the descending side of the wheel, and three upon the ascending side, the former therefore overbalancing the latter. To get the mallets into this desirable position the top one on the descending side has evidently been made to fall over before its time; but independently of this there is to the ordinary mind a strong suggestion of speedy dissolution

\* Abstract of a lecture delivered by Prof. Hele Shaw, University College, on December 21, 1887, in St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

in any structure a greater number of whose parts are going in one direction than in the other, but this little difficulty M. de Honecort does not allude to or discuss. The unevenly weighted wheel in which the action of gravity is to be cheated in some way or the other has appeared in a great variety of forms since, and, from the words "many a time," probably before, and is by far the most important type of proposed contrivance for perpetual motion.

About two centuries after De Honecort, the famous Leonardi da Vinci gives sketches of six designs, either due to his own fertile brain or taken from other sources, and since then there has been an incessant flow of proposals of this type of machine, a large number of which are given in the work of Dr. Henry Dirks, "Perpetuum Mobile," and several in vol. xii. of the "Mechanical World."

The next class of proposed machines we may consider are those in which gravity was to be made use of in one direction and evaded in the opposite, by the agency of falling water, amongst these being the devices of Schott, Scheiner, Böckler, and others. The idea in all these was that a quantity of water might be kept circulating between two tanks, one above and one below; being raised to the upper one by means of pumps driven by a water-wheel which derived its motion from the self-same water in falling the same distance, there being a balance to the good in the form of extra work to be done by the wheel.

A third class of proposals suggests the application of capillary action to raise the water instead of employing pumps, one of the earliest being that of a professor of philosophy in Glasgow about two hundred years ago. In this case and others the drawings show (in anticipation) the water thus raised flowing out at the top in a good substantial stream, as, for instance, in the scheme of Branca about the date of the professor's production.

The fourth and last class, which partook more of a philosophic nature, proposed to employ magnets, the attraction of which is to be effective in one position, and masked in another. There are many proposed ways of effecting this, all equally futile, although one contrived by a shoemaker of Linlithgow actually deceived for a time Sir David Brewster, who communicated an account of it to the "Annales de Chimie." In the simplest a ball is to fall through a certain distance, so as to come into a position where it can be raised up an inclined

plane by magnetic attraction. The first part is carried out in strict accordance with the programme, but the ball refuses to go through the second part without coercion.

Now most of these schemes had a very definite object in view, which was to obtain motive power, and not at all the innocent philosophic notion of delighting future ages by the sight of a machine which, like the sacred flame Mark Twaia tells of, had been going for so many centuries; in short, it was not to benefit posterity but themselves that perpetual motion seekers worked and patented their inventions; and thus the question naturally arises, Did any of their inventions appear to work? Well, they did; and here we may divide these machines into two classes, those which did not succeed, and those which did. The former are in a strong majority, but the latter are important; and I will briefly give an account of one case, perhaps the most celebrated, of the latter. About the year 1712 a great stir was made on the Continent by the appearance of a wonderful machine contrived by a German Pole, by name Jean Ernst Elie-Bessler, who apparently (not perhaps having enough names) had assumed the additional surname Orffyreus. This Orffyreus had, it was said, contrived upwards of three hundred perpetual-motion machines, and at last had got one that worked. Kings, princes, landgraves, not to say professors and learned men, were all convinced of the absolute certainty of the action of the machine, and Baron Fischer writes to the celebrated Dr. Desaguliers as seriously as Professor S'Gravesande did to Sir Isaac Newton about it as follows, concerning a visit paid to this machine in the castle of Wissenstein, in Cassel: "The wheel turns with astonishing rapidity. Having tied a cord to the axle, to turn an Archimedian screw to raise water, the wheel then made twenty turns a minute. This I noted several times by my watch, and I always found the same regularity. An attempt to stop it suddenly would raise a man from the ground. Having stopped it in this manner it remained stationary (and here is the greatest proof of a perpetual motion). I commenced the movements very gently to see if it would of itself regain its former rapidity, which I doubted; but to my great astonishment I observed that the rapidity of the wheel augmented little by little until it made two turns, and then it regained its former speed. This experiment, showing the rapidity of the wheel augmented

from the very slow movement that I gave it to an extraordinary rapid one, convinces me more than if I had only seen the wheel moving a whole year, which would not have persuaded me that it was perpetual motion, because it might have diminished little by little until it ceased altogether; but to gain speed instead of losing it, and to increase that speed to a certain degree in spite of the resistance of the air and the friction of the axles, I do not see how any one can doubt the truth of this action." The inventor himself wrote various pamphlets — with dedications sixty pages in length in German — entitled, "Das Triumphirende Perpetuum Mobile Orffyreanum," and in Latin, "Triumphans Perpetuum Mobile Orffyreanum." This machine worked hard, raising and lowering stones or water as required, being locked in a room; the people outside could see the work done by means of a rope which passed through an opening in the wall, and this ought to have satisfied them. Still, there were disbelievers, and amongst others we find a M. Crousaz writing as follows: "First, Orffyreus is a fool; second, it is impossible that a fool can have discovered what such a number of clever people have searched for without success; third, I do not believe in impossibilities; . . . fifth, the servant who ran away from his house for fear of being strangled, has in her possession, in writing, the terrible oath that Orffyreus made her swear; sixth, he only had to have asked in order to have had this girl imprisoned, until he had time to finish this machine; . . . eighth, it is true that there is a machine at his house, to which they give the name of perpetual motion, but that is a small one and cannot be removed." These are serious charges even if not in logical sequence, and before we conclude the history of this invention we will examine a machine which has been made at University College, which has certainly surprising properties, although very simple. It is now locked, for we may say of it what was said of a machine about twenty years ago by the *Boston Journal*: "It will not, nay cannot, stop without a brake, as it is so fixed by means of balls and arms that the descending side of the wheel is perpetually farther from the centre of motion than the opposition ascending." That is just our machine, which, started, behaves exactly as Baron Fischer describes, and raises a weight or does other work. This machine is so constructed as to enable complete examination to be made, and all possibil-

ity of unfair play apparently detected, and yet it is a fraud,\* as was that of Mr. Orffyreus, which was afterwards exposed.

The conclusion we arrive at is, that it would have been well for a great number of folks if the saying due to Lucretius nearly two thousand years ago, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*,† had been appreciated and believed in by them. Thus the waste of many lives of fruitless work might have been avoided not only in the past but even in the present day, for it is an astonishing fact that during the last twenty years more than one hundred English and French patents for perpetual-motion machines have been obtained; in one case a gentleman not very far from Liverpool having spent a very large sum on this profitable subject. The lecturer stated that the other day he had a visit in *propria persona* from an inventor of, and of course believer in, such a machine, and after having for an hour and a half discussed the question with this gentleman as calmly as was possible under the circumstances, he had grounds for feeling that his lecture would be utterly incomplete if he left the subject content with raising a laugh at the whole matter; not so very long ago it was easy enough to do this at the expense of railways and ocean steamers. He would therefore briefly and simply, but he hoped conclusively, state the general nature of the problem of perpetual motion. Firstly, all machines such as we have seen projected for creating power are as impossible as the idea of creating matter. Secondly, many machines have been projected for using sources of energy, such as heat, as proposed by Desaguliers, and many others since, in which known sources of power were to be rendered available. Such machines continue to work only while the supply of energy lasts, therefore have not perpetual motion. Thirdly, since, just as energy cannot be created, so it cannot be destroyed, but can only take another form, the question arises, Cannot the causes retarding a body's motion be removed and the body go on moving forever? In order to answer this reasonable question, he proposed for a few moments to search for perpetual motion. He then proceeded to illustrate, by means of a variety of machines, what efforts had been made to reduce frictional resistance. In

\* Being driven by concealed cords passing down the hollow legs and actuated by a youth beneath the platform.

† Propounded, indeed, in a different form by Democritus four hundred years before that.

one case, an inventor working on the principle that in a wheel of half the size the friction was reduced in the same proportion proposed to employ two in this ratio; no doubt with the same idea as the man who, seeing a stove advertised to save half the usual quantity of coal, bought two with the idea of saving it all. Many people thought that, theoretically, friction was entirely removed by means of rolling contact—illustrated by roller and ball-bearings—but it was only because the theory was imperfect, and the true nature of rolling not understood; and, by means of lantern illustrations, the action of rolling surfaces was experimentally examined. The irresistible conclusion must be arrived at that friction is as universal in its action as gravitation, and to avoid it on the earth is impossible; and with this conclusion vanishes all hope of a perpetual-motion machine. If we are inclined to regret this fact, a little reflection on what would occur if friction ceased to act may not be uninteresting, for the whole face of nature would be at once changed, and much of the dry land, and, even more rapidly, most of our buildings, would disappear beneath the sea. Such inhabitants as remained for a short time alive would not only be unable to provide themselves with fire or warmth, but would find their very clothes falling back to the original fibre from which they were made; and if not destroyed in one of the many possible ways—such as by falling meteors, no longer dissipated by friction through the air, or by falling masses of water, no longer retarded by the atmosphere and descending as rain—would be unable to obtain food, from inability to move themselves by any ordinary method of locomotion, or, what would be equally serious, having once started into motion, from being unable to stop except when they came into collision with other unhappy beings or moving bodies. Before long they, with all heavier substances, would disappear forever beneath the waters which would now cover the face of a lifeless world.

We turn to the motion of planetary bodies—is that perpetual? At first, everything seems to show that it is. The earth with its mass of three thousand trillion tons turning with a speed which enables a student to go bare-headed a good many miles without catching cold in the act of saluting a professor, for a long time defied all attempts to detect in it loss of speed; but with the friction of the tides continually at work such loss must take place, and now it is pretty certain from the cal-

culations of Adams, the astronomer, that the earth loses about an hour in sixteen thousand years, and is coming to rest, though it must be admitted rather leisurely. So, also, the hurrying up of the comets as they go round the sun is possibly accounted for by a retarding action in space which makes it necessary for them to try to make up, as it were, for lost time; and in fact the general arguments in the present day are in favor of what Sir Isaac Newton believed,—that the motions of all bodies in space are suffering retardation, and that their velocity is becoming less and will ultimately cease.

Perpetual motion, then, is impossible. By no means. We have duly considered motion of matter in its visible and mechanical form, and if the foregoing remarks are true, then in this form assuredly it is; but there is, as we have seen, the great fact of indestructibility of energy, and the greatest generalization of the present century is that which accounts for the disappearance of energy in the form of mechanical and visible motion by showing that an exactly equal amount appears in the form of molecular and invisible motion. To this all outward motion tends, and friction is the agency by which the change is effected. Down to a certain point the change can be effected in either direction, and the heat-engine converts molecular motion into mechanical, again to be reconverted into molecular motion in all its working parts, as well as in connection with the useful work it does. This stage reached, there is no process known to us by which the cycle can be continued, and the term "degradation," in the sense of having gone down a step, but nevertheless a step which can never be reclaimed, is applied to the tendency of energy to assume molecular form by dissipation over a larger mass of matter, so that its effect is less intense though equal numerically in amount. To this all nature tends, and beyond this point we cannot go. Here, at any rate, the motion is perpetual, but it is motion that tends to approach a state unsatisfactory to the instinct of the human mind. Great intellects, such as Rankine and Siemens, have striven to conjecture ways at present unknown to us by which the energy now spreading itself over the vast expanse of space may be gathered again and regenerated, so that we may look forward not to the lowest but to the highest form of motion as that which, passing through all its cycles, shall last forever.

From The Spectator.

## THE CALAMITY IN CHINA.

EVEN in Asia, where everything is immoderate, where a forest covers kingdoms, a river deposits a county in a decade, and man grows feeble from an abiding sense that nature is too strong for him, there has been no calamity in our time at once so terrible and so dramatic as the bursting of the Yellow River on September 27th, 1887. It exceeds in its extent, if not in the separateness of its horror, the submerging of the island of Deccan Shahbazpore in 1876, when a storm-wave in two hours swept off three hundred thousand human beings. The Yellow River, larger and swifter than the Ganges, and containing more water perhaps than five Danubies, bears to the immense province called Honan, which is ten thousand square miles larger than England and Wales, much the relation borne by the Po towards the Lombard plain, at once a blessing and a scourge. Its waters originally created the lowlands of the province by depositing silt through ages, and they are now their torment. The alluvial land, once above the water, is rich with a richness of which Englishmen have no experience, being covered with a thick pad of yellow mould a hundred feet or more deep, on which everything will grow, from the teak-tree to the pineapple, yielding, when planted with rice, one hundred and sixty fold, and in places producing, almost without manure and with light ploughing, two full crops a year. No people living by agriculture can resist the temptation of such a soil, and for ages the Chinese — of all races in the world the most instinctively agricultural — have swarmed to these lowlands, to find that, in spite of all their profits, they must embank the river or perish. The surplus water of autumn, probably, like that of the Ganges, nine times the regular outflow, rushing down in huge masses from the hills at a speed of twelve miles an hour, pours its overflow over whole counties, drowning everything not ten feet above the river-level, and when it retires, leaves, besides a deposit fatal to one year's crop, an unendurable variety of fever. Down go whole populations at once, not dead, but paralyzed for work and with their constitutions ruined. The Chinese, who in their courage for labor are a grand people, fought the river, embanked it, and for two thousand years at least reaped enormous harvests from the protected soil. Every two centuries or so, however, the river, rising in its strength like a malignant genius, swept

every barrier away, cut for itself a new bed — nine such beds are known — and ruined a province; but the people swarm in again, the new work is easier at first, and the land is again recovered from the vast lagoons. The last outburst occurred twenty-five years ago; but the Chinese still persevered, immense dykes were completed, and the province once more became a garden.

There is, however a difficulty in embanking any river carrying huge deposits. The *Times* correspondent blunders about this. He talks of it as a specialty of the Yellow River, but every river carrying much pulverized soil from the mountains presents the same perplexity to engineers. The water not only deposits silt where it debouches, but all along its course; and if it is shut in by embankments, the bed of the river incessantly rises higher, until at last it is far above the plain. The bed of the Po, for example, is in places forty feet above the rice-lands, and some of the dykes of the Mississippi are like artificial hills. The Yellow River, from the enormous rapidity of its volume when swollen by melted snow, is the worst of offenders in this respect; its new bed, even in twenty-five years, has risen far above the plain, and as the dykes grow from hillocks into hills, from mere walls into ranges of earthworks like fortress-sides, hundreds of miles long, the effort overtaxes the skill of the engineers, and the perseverance even of Chinese laborers. The ablest engineers in India were beaten by the Damoodah, though it is, compared with the Hoang-Ho, like a trumpery European stream, and though the labor available could hardly be exhausted. The truth of the matter is that, in all such cases, the upper sections of the dykes cost too much for complete repair, and tend to be inadequate; and when the Yellow River, gorged with water from the mountains till it forms in reality a gigantic reservoir, averaging a mile broad, from three to five hundred miles long, and seventy feet deep, all suspended in air by artificial supports, comes rushing down in autumn, the slightest weakness in those supports is fatal. On September 27th the river was at its fullest, its speed was at its highest, there was almost certainly a driving wind from the west, a bit of dyke gave way, the rent spread for twelve hundred yards, and — our readers remember, for Charles Reade described it, the rush into Sheffield of the Holmfirth reservoir. Multiply that, if you can, by two thousand, add exhaustless renewals of the water from behind — five



Danubes pouring from a height for two months on end—and instead of a long valley with high sides which can be reached, think of a vast, open plain, flat as Salisbury Plain, but studded with three thousand villages, all swarming as English villages never swarm, and you may gain a conception of a scene hardly rivalled since the deluge. The torrent, it is known, in its first and grandest rush, though throwing out rivers every moment at every incline of the land, had for its centre a stream *thirty miles* wide and ten feet deep, travelling probably at twenty miles an hour,—a force as irresistible as that of lava. No tree could last ten minutes, no house five, the very soil would be carried away as by a supernatural ploughshare; and as for man,—an ant in a broken stop-cock in a London street would be more powerful than he. Swim? As well wrestle with the Holyhead express. Fly? It takes hours in such a plain to reach a hillock three feet high, the water the while pouring on faster than a hunter's gallop. There is no more escape from such a flood than there is escape from the will of God, and those Chinese who refused even to struggle were the happiest of all, because the quickest dead. Over a territory of ten thousand square miles, or two Yorkshires at least (for the missionaries report a wider area), over thousands of villages—three thousand certainly, even if the capital is not gone, as is believed—the soft water passed, silently strangling every living thing, the cows and the sheep as well as their owners; and for ourselves, who have seen the scene only on a petty scale, we doubt whether the “best-informed European in Pekin” is not right when he calculates the destruction of life at seven millions, and whether the *Times* reporter is not too fearful of being taken for a romancer when he reduces it to one or two. These great villages are crammed with population, and alive with children; the whole water of the Hoang-Ho has been pouring on them for two months, none reaching the sea; and even by the highest estimate the dead are fewer than those who died of starvation a few years ago in the famine of the two Shans. In Asia, kingdoms and capitals have perished of pestilence, as Cambodia probably, and Gour certainly did; and there is no reason, the physical conditions being favorable, why equal multitudes should not perish in a flood.

What is the remedy? What is the remedy for an earthquake? There is no remedy. In that division of Honan, a

generation has been swept away by a fiat stronger than man's, which has concentrated into two months the natural and inevitable slaughter of fifty years. The Chinese government, which can be stirred by some things, and which, when stirred, has an elephantine energy, has given £500,000 from the central treasury to repair the dykes, and, as we read the orders, the whole revenue of Honan till the work is completed; has stopped thirty-two million pounds of rice on its way to the capital and given it to the survivors, and has ordered all who are ruined, but not dead, to work at once on the dykes under military discipline. The laborers will not be paid, but they will be fed; the Chinese engineers understand hydraulics fairly well; the channel being new, the embankments need not be cyclopean at first—though, be it remembered, the river of itself rises certainly twenty feet in autumn; and at the cost of about as many lives as were sacrificed on the Suez Canal, which will fall victims to the malaria developed as the waters retire, the Yellow River will for another generation be chained up once more. The old attraction will then prove irresistible; all husbandmen without land for three hundred miles on each side of the river will silently steal in to settle on the alluvium, fruit-trees will be planted, rice will be sown, and in five years life in Honan will be proceeding exactly as before, as it does on the slopes of Vesuvius after an eruption. For the past, however, there is no remedy, and for the future little hope. Nothing, if the river is simply dyked, can prevent its destroying the dykes when they reach a certain height; for the work, increasing every year, must at some point overpower the resources of any State. If the Chinese government could cut a broad and deep canal for three hundred miles to the ocean, or build, amid the hills from which the water flows, a reservoir vast as an inland sea, or construct a second line of dykes on each side five hundred yards from the water, the overspill of the Yellow River might be drained away in sufficient time to arrest grand catastrophes; but that government is at once too fatalistic and too weak for such gigantic efforts, and will be content if it can only secure safety for its own generation, leaving the next to suffer or escape, as may please the unknown powers. It is useless for Europeans to advise, or even to mourn, for they can do nothing, except, indeed, reflect that for the safety of their own civilizations, perhaps for part of the greatness

of their own minds, they are indebted to the pettiness of scale on which their temperate dwelling-place has been constructed. We owe everything to the comparative insignificance of the works of nature in Europe. One can dyke the Thames, but not the Yellow River; tunnel the Alps, but not the Himalayas.

From The Spectator.

#### PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE.

IN Professor Bonamy Price, Oxford and England have lost the greatest of Dr. Arnold's Rugby staff, and the one who had been most profoundly and effectually impressed by Dr. Arnold's conceptions of the power and duty of a teacher. Indeed, we should think that while Arnold had perhaps the greater success in inspiring his own deep sense of law and duty in those of his pupils who were a little deficient in susceptibility to the government of moral ideas, Bonamy Price must have surpassed even his chief in that great quality of a teacher, the capacity to exhilarate as well as to awaken the intelligence of his pupil. Coming as he did from Guernsey, there was in Bonamy Price not a little of the genial alertness of the French intellect, — and that in combination with a power of sympathy that was much beyond the ordinary standard of Frenchmen of equal ability and penetration. His great personal modesty, and, we may truly say, humility, rendered the singular vivacity with which he entered into the aims and pursuits of others one of the most exhilarating of influences; and so it happened that Bonamy Price retained for the man the charm which he first had for the boy, and continued to give in later life the stimulus and sympathy which had first detected and encouraged unripe abilities and ambitions. And this is one of the rarest of the qualities of a first-rate teacher. Of all the teachers who are in the highest degree impressive and stimulating to their pupils while they remain their pupils, there is, we suspect, hardly one in ten who remains equally impressive and stimulating to them after they have ceased to be his pupils, and come back to him on a basis of social equality, — so few are there who can throw off the didactic attitude of mind and assume that of genuine sympathy and comradeship. But Bonamy Price had that power in the fullest degree. His rare simplicity and humility, together with the

singular joyousness and elasticity of his ardent and eager temperament, gave him a power of merging the tutor in the friend, which is more than uncommon amongst teachers of the highest class. As a rule, the minds of great teachers to some extent stiffen in the didactic posture, and when they do so, it is impossible, human nature being what it is, that the man should find in them the kind of sympathy which helped the boy. But with Bonamy Price this was otherwise. The *Times*, in writing of his power as a teacher, has used the phrase that his influence was rather "electric" than "magnetic," by which we understand the writer to mean that it gave a slight shock which awakened a mind in any degree sluggish or torpid to its full activity, rather than that it cast upon such a mind the spell of Bonamy Price's own character of intellect. If that be the meaning of the remark, we entirely agree with it. For Bonamy Price certainly awakened others to the full sense of their power without in any degree subduing them by imparting his own bias. Indeed, the vivacity with which he entered into a view differing from his own was one of the most refreshing of his characteristics, and acted like a draught of champagne on any nature which was timid, reserved, cautious, distrustful. As a rule, men have to seek in companions of their own age for the stimulus which they fail to find in those who have been accustomed to correct their errors and signalize their shortcomings. But no youthful companion gave a man more bright and helpful sympathy than the old master who had formerly not only given generous encouragement to his pupil's efforts, but put his finger frankly on that pupil's deficiencies and failures.

And yet the character of Bonamy Price's intellect was not of a kind to take pleasure in vague appreciation. No man knew better exactly what he meant, or was sharper to detect the shallowness of empty generalities or pretentious mysticism. On religious subjects, for instance, deep as was his piety, he was impatient, perhaps too impatient, of both undefined authority and mystical assumptions, — such as those which underlie sacramental rites. He had something, apparently, of the Huguenot element in his Protestantism, though he felt a political respect for the influence of the State which could hardly have been consistent with the drift of Huguenot traditions, and was of British, not of French origin. Nothing puzzled him more than the Anglican disposition to separate the religious reformation in England from the

agency of the State, and many of his most eager arguments were conducted with High Churchmen for whom he felt the deepest reverence and love, on the question whether or not the Anglican Church, once separated from the State, would retain any proper ecclesiastical unity of its own. We mention this not, of course, with any view of analyzing his attitude of mind on this question, but simply to show that there was nothing in him of the mere eclectic, nothing of that tendency to find something that he could approve in everybody's views, which so often makes men's sympathies seem much more valuable than they are. His views were always apt to be more definite, not more indefinite, than the facts would justify; and hence it was not from this point of view certainly that one could account for the generous sympathy which he gave to younger men and the stimulus which they found in his society. The power which he most appreciated was power specifically directed to well-defined ends; but he could appreciate such power cordially even when those ends were not altogether his own, and when he could discriminate them very clearly from his own. Frank and clearly defined differences in no way alienated his hearty and discriminating appreciation.

Like all Dr. Arnold's friends and followers, Bonamy Price had the deepest possible interest in politics, and was, indeed, quite as much of a political as of a moral teacher. Like Socrates, he read in the State the virtues of the individual character writ large, and taught his pupils to see them as he did. As a classical master, he was never weary of impressing on his scholars the political drift of the lessons to be derived from the Greek and Roman historians, and, like all those who read these lessons in a religious spirit, he was as much afraid of revolutionary ideas and new departures taken abruptly in an unhistorical spirit, as he was of reactionary or despotic ideas, that is, of the disposition to treat the people as foes, instead of regarding their welfare as the end of all wise government. Thus, from being an ardent reformer when reform was urgently needed, he became towards the end of his life not a little alarmed at the facility with which the educated classes gave way to abstract principles of the vaguest kind, and it was no doubt to this dread of a somewhat raw Radicalism that he owed his election to the professorship of political economy at Oxford in 1868. Mr. Thorold Rogers had already developed, though not, we believe, in his class-room, some of that

iconoclastic spirit which made even men who were not Conservatives fear that he might yet turn his professorship into a propaganda of Radicalism. And assuredly the subject matter of the professorship was not sufficiently removed from the sphere of political bias, to render that fear irrational or bigoted. Bonamy Price was elected probably because he did not share this bias. But he showed no more disposition to treat his class-room as the place for propagating Whig opinions, than his predecessor had done to treat it as the place for propagating Radical opinions. And it became in his hands a very effective sieve for sifting out the fundamental differences between different schools of economical thought, for he greatly excelled in that lively interrogation of the young of which he so often extolled the value, and which undoubtedly became in his hands a very powerful and thoroughly Socratic instrument of education.

At Oxford, Bonamy Price's loss will be, and, indeed, has already been, severely felt. Latterly his academic influence was thrown on to what may be properly called, for want of a less political phrase, the conservative side. He did not wish to see the extinction of definitely religious influences in the university. He did not wish to see the new physiological methods of teaching, — which he thought far more dangerous to the ethics, than they could ever be stimulating to the understandings, of medical students, — adopted there. Most of all, perhaps, he did not wish to see the influence of the younger men in the shaping of the curriculum, superseding the influence of men of large experience and mature wisdom. On all these questions he threw his vote against the prevailing tendency of the time, though he always did full justice to his opponents, and was as temperate as he was steady in his own line of action. And since he never lost his hold over the statesmen of the day, — even Mr. Gladstone, in his bantering criticism on Professor Bonamy Price's view of the Irish land question in 1881, indicated the hearty respect he felt for the economist whose judgment he rejected, — his influence at Oxford always counted for a good deal even with his opponents, all the more because, as a layman and a Broad Churchman, that influence was never ascribed to sacerdotal prepossessions. Hence, even in academic politics he will be sorely missed, — by his allies because he was cautious without being narrow, by his antagonists because he was fair and courteous without being

weak. But in a larger world he will be still more missed. He had been the confidential friend of statesmen who had sometimes derived no little help from his criticism, even in preparing their most brilliant speeches; and he understood the word "education" in a much larger sense than that in which ordinary tutors and professors understand it. He had exercised an influence which was always pure and noble, both in academical and in national politics. He had been a great reader and an active traveller, and wielded no little influence in the New World, as well as in the Old. And though he may have made at times political mistakes, — as, for example, in leaning too much to the side of Austria at the time when Austria was the great bar to Italian liberty (yet

military men greatly admired his vigorous pamphlet on the value of the Quadrilateral to Austria), — he made these mistakes under an exaggerated estimate of the danger that would arise to the European equilibrium from any too sudden upheaval of new national forces. At heart he was a true Liberal, though latterly a very cautious one, — for he saw how formidable in their reach were the new revolutionary tendencies. Indeed, few of our great teachers have exerted a greater influence than he in both widening and purifying the sphere of English liberty, and in deepening the sense of that moral responsibility whereby liberty gains in dignity and influence, much more than it loses by the restraints to which it voluntarily submits.

TO FIND THE DAY OF THE WEEK FOR ANY GIVEN DATE. — Having hit upon the following method of mentally computing the day of the week for any given date, I send it you in the hope that it may interest some of your readers. I am not a rapid computer myself, and as I find my average time for doing any such question is about twenty seconds, I have little doubt that a rapid computer would not need fifteen.

Take the given date in four portions, viz. the number of centuries, the number of years over, the month, the day of the month.

Compute the following four items, adding each, when found, to the total of the previous items. When an item or total exceeds seven, divide by seven, and keep the remainder only.

*The Century-Item.* — For old style (which ended September 2, 1752) subtract from 18. For new style (which began September 14) divide by 4, take overplus from 3, multiply remainder by 2.

*The Year-Item.* — Add together the number of dozens, the overplus, and the number of 4's in the overplus.

*The Month-Item.* — If it begins or ends with a vowel, subtract the number, denoting its place in the year, from 10. This, plus its number of days, gives the item for the following month. The item for January is "0;" for February or March (the 3rd month), "3;" for December (the 12th month), "12."

*The Day-Item* is the day of the month.

The total, thus reached, must be corrected, by deducting "1" (first adding 7, if the total be "0"), if the date be January or February in a leap year: remembering that every year divisible by 4 is a leap year, excepting only the century-years, in new style, when the number of centuries is *not* so divisible (e.g., 1800).

The final result gives the day of the week,

"0" meaning Sunday, "1" Monday, and so on.

#### EXAMPLES.

1783, September 18.

17, divided by 4, leaves "1" over; 1 from 3 gives "2;" twice 2 is "4."  
83 is 6 dozen and 11, giving 17; plus 2 gives 19, *i.e.*, (dividing by 7) "5." Total 9, *i.e.*, "2."

The item for August is "8 from 10," *i.e.*, "2;" so, for September, it is "2 plus 3," *i.e.*, "5." Total 7, *i.e.*, "0," which goes out.  
18 gives "4." Answer, *Thursday*.

1676, February 23.

16 from 18 gives "2."  
76 is 6 dozen and 4, giving 10; plus 1 gives 11, *i.e.*, "4." Total "6."

The item for February is "3." Total 9, *i.e.*, "2."

23 gives "2." Total "4."  
Correction for Leap Year gives "3." Answer, *Wednesday*.

Nature.

LEWIS CARROLL.

EPITAPHS ON DOGS. — The following epitaph, written by Lord Sherbrooke in 1874, on the burial-place of Lady Dorothy Nevill's dogs, seems worthy of being preserved in the columns of *Notes and Queries*.

Soft lie the turf on those who find their rest  
Here on our common mother's ample breast.  
Unstained by meanness, avarice, and pride,  
They never flattered, and they never lied;  
No gluttonous excess their slumber broke,  
No burning alcohol, no stifling smoke,  
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace,  
They ran, but never betted on a race;  
Content with harmless sports and moderate food,  
*Boundless in love, and faith, and gratitude.*  
Happy the man, if there be any such,  
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.

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